

[From a Photograph specially taken for
THE YOUNG MAN by
MARTIN & SALLNOW, 416, Strand, W.C.]

Yours truly
A. S. Fletcher

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

I.—MR. FLETCHER AT WORK.

THERE is scarcely a sense of the artistic, certainly not much of the beautiful, in one of those rows of newspaper contents-bills, which we all know. The row may be hanging over the front of a bookstall, or lying flat in the mud at a street corner, with bits of brick to keep it there. Either way, the big letters are dauby and blotchy, and they sprawl; and if they are not black, but red or blue, the case is worse. Yet always, when I come to a particular bill in the row, I think of it as a kind of key to Mr. Alfred Ewen Fletcher's editorship of the *Daily Chronicle*. And in this manner.

What might almost be called the principal conference of the night in Mr. Fletcher's room, is that between him and his chief sub-editor, Mr. Charles Sharpe, on the making up of the contents-bill, which to-morrow, don't forget, is to focus the paper in bird's-eye to the man in the street. The thought of spending half an hour on the contents-bill, at the busiest part of the whole evening, would not, I take it, appeal to most editors. It is just here that Mr. Fletcher gets the advantage, for where is the use of having fresher and brighter and fuller news than the enemy, if you don't exhaust all your resources to let the public know it? I suspect that, wherever he may happen to light on it, Mr. Fletcher never passes his contents-bill without wondering if, after all, a line in it ought not to have looked more attractive. A bunch of the bills always hangs on the wall in front of his desk, and as it grows thicker and thicker with each freshly inked addition, it eventually reaches a bulk that brings its removal in favour of a new series.

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By the instance of the contents-bill, I mean to illustrate the fulness which characterises Mr. Fletcher's method as an editor, the breadth of his grip over the paper. He keeps his hand on its whole pulse, regulating the strokes as a doctor regulates the temperature of a sick-room. To continue the simile of the doctor, his editorship is all round, not local treatment merely of a part of the subject, not confined to the purely editorial columns. Whereas in the past the editorship of our great dailies has mainly been associated with their direction as organs of opinion, the tendency now is to regard an editor as at once the inspirer of a journal's opinions, and the active fountain head of it as a news-gatherer. If that means, as it may not mean, the New Journalism, then I unhesitatingly claim Mr. Fletcher for the New Journalism. He carries the modern tendency, undoubtedly, to a far greater completeness than any other editor in London, and that is where the emphasis comes in. Perhaps his editorship, in its position, differs somewhat from the editorships of at least most of the other morning newspapers of the Metropolis. While elsewhere the responsibility is more or less divided—a dual, if not sometimes a treble control—here, I have always believed, it is single. Where in other instances the editorial chart reflects more than one steersman's shadow, in his case it only reflects his own. To that fact I should, if anybody cared to ask my opinion, put down initially the leap of the *Chronicle*—a notable rise admittedly on all hands—within the past few years. As a basis to it, an excellent financial position on the part of the paper, and shrewd,

far-sighted business management, are of course taken for granted. Given such conditions and an unfettered editor—a man with loftier ideals than the shibboleths of to-day and to-morrow—who knew precisely where he wanted to go and how to get there, who had the daring of faith and the hard caution of experience, and really the outcome could almost have been foretold at the start. At least it could, without any very dreadful capacity for understanding character, have been foretold in Mr. Fletcher's case. After all, a great newspaper is as sensitive a thing as lives—like the mind of a child or the heart of a woman—and it is wonderful how a light guiding hand can mould it at every point.

When I claimed Mr. Fletcher for the New Journalism, I had my mind on his enthusiasm as a news-gatherer, as witness the proof of the contents-bill. Take, too, his unhesitating adoption of the interview when the other great dailies boggled and didn't quite know what course to take,—and for that matter haven't made up their mind yet, some of them. It would be possible to cap those instances with a dozen specific occurrences, but the mention of one, probably not the best, will suffice. When Mrs. Annie Besant finally broke with the Secularists, and went over to the Theosophists, she delivered a parting address to the former in the hall at Old Street. Intimation of this meeting came under Mr. Fletcher's notice in the ordinary course, just as it would have come under the notice of the other newspaper offices in Fleet Street. Beyond the event in itself, there was nothing to show that it would develop any particular thread of interest. So at the time Mr. Fletcher decided simply for a report—say fifty or a hundred lines. But he did not forget the matter, for next day, which was a Saturday, he wired from the country that Mrs. Besant's address was to be reported in full. Probably he had a timely message from the Mahatmas, since it was in this address that Mrs. Besant burst them and the famous Theosophical controversy on the world, and not another paper in London had ten lines of what she said. Mr. Fletcher has a quick scent for a good public correspondence, just as he puts all his heart into the fighting of a public question, as witness the raising of £20,000 by the *Chronicle* for the miners during the recent lock-out.

Nobody will suppose me to suggest that Mr. Fletcher's "go" for getting all the news of the day for his readers, implies his strongest conception of editorship. No, indeed; for he has himself described the newspaper as, so to speak, a double entity, a regiment moving on a double basis to gain a common destination. On the one hand it is the mirror of the world's happenings, and the more true and full the mirror the better—it must reflect all that goes on in politics, in

the church, in the workshop of the labourer, in business circles, everything. On the other hand it is a guide on these happenings, a counsellor toward the formation of public opinion about them. If newspapers do not quite rule the world, he does not altogether regret it. Rather he thanks Heaven. Still if editors are not infallible he points out that neither are sovereigns and statesmen. Public opinion he defines as the growth of various influences, and he expresses the opinion that it is the duty of editors, as of sovereigns, statesmen, and other "powers that be," to endeavour to understand and direct those influences in a healthy way to a healthy end. With what is mere pandering to the mob in the way of news—strictly not valuable news in itself—but sheer meretricious sensation, he is entirely at variance. For example, he refused to report the lurid details of a prize-fight some months ago between an Englishman and an American. At the time I thought of the struggle the "nose for news" in Mr. Fletcher must have made against the squelching of the cablegrams, since, after all is said and done, there was a large section of the British public who put them down as carrying essentially the news of the hour. The abolition in the *Chronicle* of "tips" to horse-racing is as old a matter now as the establishment of the literary page, which was not merely a bold venture, but a far-seeing one in the rise of the *Chronicle*, as any one can now judge by the class of readers it has attracted. Here is another guide-post to Mr. Fletcher's idea of the newspaper, perhaps more trivial, but to my idea more eloquent than either. An item to the effect that somebody—no consequence who—was likely to be elected to a vacant public post, reached him from a reliable source. But on the ground that the premature announcement might prejudice the man's absolute appointment—for before now an aspirant to an English title has lost it by babbling too soon—he did not publish the information.

What I am setting down are merely my personal impressions, and the impressions of another might drive holes all over my canvas, although, in the essential, I doubt it. But such impressions as they are, they include this one very distinctly, that Mr. Fletcher's gift for managing men, and his capacity for getting the best out of them, has been of infinite assistance to him. It is a rare gift; wherein it lies precisely, who can ever tell? but it imperatively implies an instinctive or actual knowledge of the world. Now I should judge that Mr. Fletcher has a good deal of both. There is nothing at all of the recluse about him. He is the most accessible of editors—I trust he won't suffer from its being known. He has never retired into a shell since he was quite young, and then it was only to write poetry,

which he doesn't write now, and doesn't care for in too large quantities from other people. During the first years of his editorship he came to the office about seven or eight o'clock in the evening. More recently he has adopted the system of reaching his chair for an afternoon sederunt. Having seen the first batch of his correspondence, met his leader-writers, and so on, there is less pressure on him in the early hours of the evening. Thus he not only gets a little more freedom to mix with men and gather up public opinion outside, but he is enabled to get home somewhat earlier in the morning.

wardness in cutting it short, without blaming himself for seeming to want to cut it short. Only that is a detail. His years under the lamp-light have whitened his hair. He is a good smoker, and prefers a pipe to a cigar, probably because it answers his own nature in being at once unassuming and because of this total want of assumption, democratic to a quite belligerent extent. If I might, I should describe the pipe as the nearest approach to an Irish "dudeen," only it is not always the same pipe—that I must add in bare fairness—but another and another just like the one before. If Mr. Fletcher throws his



MR. FLETCHER'S EDITORIAL ROOM AT THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" OFFICE.

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If I were to tackle Mr. Fletcher in the celebrity-at-home fashion, I should prefer to have him in his room at Whitefriars Street—a room with two big windows looking out in the direction of Salisbury Square, though indeed an intervening spread of roofs interferes with the view of the Square. Behind the editorial chair there looks down the fine face of old Mr. Edward Lloyd, and the walls are taken up with other pictures and with great book-cases. Be he ever so busy, Mr. Fletcher, somehow, can generally contrive a little chat with anybody who has really something to talk about. And, like all big-hearted men, he often has a certain awk-

right leg over his left knee, and leans back in his chair, you take it as a signal that he has five minutes to spare; and if he has more than five, you may expect him to take off his spectacles, rub them, then adjust them. If instead of adjusting them, he puts them down on the blotting pad, the probability is that he will go over to the fireplace to warm up the conversation and his coat-tails. In the ten minutes the pipe goes out exactly five times, which seems much fire and little smoke. But then, you see, there goes another characteristic of the man, his most dominant characteristic—one you might pick out with both eyes shut.

There have been editors who could speak, but not so many, and the accepted notion is to put them down as unable to go on a platform with any sort of credit. Those who have heard Mr. Fletcher deliver an address—he does not speak very often—seem agreed that he is a speaker. He is natural on the platform, at home there, and he makes an audience feel that it is their business to like him anyhow. It is, I imagine, that he puts into a speech what he puts into his paper, the indefinable “one touch of nature.” “Loftiness of ideal,” “appositeness and force of quotation,” “richness and strength of diction,” “vivifying power,” are the notes which somebody found to run through a recent address of his. These being ground into one word, mean nothing more or less, of course, than natural eloquence. If Mr. Fletcher is a successful speaker, the innermost secret of it, to my notion, would be his deep, pellucid humanness of feeling. Wit he got in Scotland—though, curiously enough, not the Scotch kind at all—when he was at Edinburgh University. A satire which hits without hurting, which looks like a shower of blessing until you have thought twice—that is from his native Lincolnshire fens.

But as an example of Mr. Fletcher as a speaker, and, more important, as a revelation of him as a man, take a passage I have lighted on from an address he delivered to a meeting of London School Board teachers. He was speaking on the religious difficulty, and said:—“I deny the right of the clergy of any denomination to assume that they have a monopoly of religious instruction. I maintain that all instruction—certainly

all instruction that we ought to impart to childhood or youth—is religious. To teach the child his letters; to familiarise him with the visible signs of thought, and lead him up to an appreciation of the charm of human speech expressed in inspiring verse and prose; to help the young intelligence thus to hold communion with the loftiest spirits—the great child-natures whose inspiration keeps the world for ever young; to train the eye and hand to the delineation of beautiful forms, and thereby to foster a love for symmetry and fitness and truth; to set the voice and ear to the concord of sweet sounds; to take the young child by the hand into the enchanted land of the fairy tales of science; to give him intimations of immortality by means of the simplest mathematical truths—principles of the eternal order that cannot die; to trace for him the progress of man’s work on earth through the story of the rise and fall of dynasties and powers; to put his ear to the movement of the centuries, that he may listen to the sweet, sad music of humanity as it echoes down from syllable to syllable of recorded time; to foster, at the most impressionable period of life, the love for all that is beautiful in nature or in art, for all that is noble in life or in death; and, above all, to teach that—

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Is not this as truly religious instruction as the teaching of dogmas, and catechisms, and creeds?” A.B.C.

II.—MR. FLETCHER AT PLAY.

It will probably surprise the world to hear that Mr. Fletcher is an amateur farmer. On Saturday, when work is done, he dons his oldest hat and coat, and sets forth from his office in Fleet Street to catch a train. That train bears him far from the noise and confusion of London to a quaint little village in Essex. Few people have heard of Benfleet. Although only an hour by train from London, this little hamlet has never come in contact with modern civilization. Strange that a *fin de siècle* journalist like Mr. Fletcher should pitch his tent in it! Nevertheless, a look of satisfaction comes over his face when he steps out of the London train on to the Benfleet platform. On the one side are fields, on the other lies Canvey Island. A sea-breeze blows across Canvey, and the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* draws in a deep breath of it. Canvey is so flat one can almost see across it to the coast-guards’ house and the Lobster Smack Inn. Picturesque barges lie in the mud between Benfleet and Canvey, waiting for the tide, and the ferryman smokes his pipe outside of the little hut

opposite the ticket office. No one is in a hurry here, not even the editor of a London daily paper!

Slowly Mr. Fletcher leaves the station, and walks to the little straggling village. Perhaps he stops to exchange a few words with Mrs. Francis, the landlady of The Hoy Inn. The Hoy is a great feature in Benfleet, and every one there knows Mrs. Francis. Her “High-water mark, gentlemen,” dismisses customers at ten o’clock, and woe betide the unlucky visitor who is not in The Hoy by that hour. Doors are locked, and Mrs. Francis hardens her heart against cries or knocks, goes to bed, and sleeps with the door-key under her pillow until the next morning, leaving the culprit to find a refuge elsewhere, and to learn to do better.

Close by The Hoy is the village church, with ivy hanging over the porch. Here Mr. Fletcher appears on Sunday, when he has no London visitors; and he also performs the other duties of a parishioner, taking an interest in all village concerns, such as Harvest Thanksgivings, school

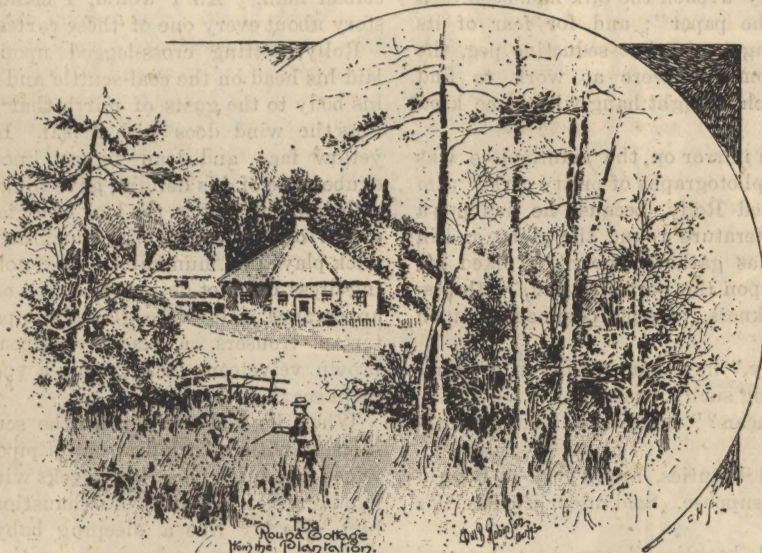
treats, and concerts. The Parish Institute can be seen from the churchyard, and rumour says that not only does Mr. Fletcher beguile well-known London singers there to amuse the villagers, but that he has actually been seen there at a village dance.

Leaving the church and the cottages behind him, Mr. Fletcher walks up a steep hill, past the Vicarage, to his own house. Here a beautiful view of the Thames, reminding one of Constable's pictures, draws one's attention away from Mr. Fletcher for a few minutes. Low down in the valley the river winds its way to the sea. Woods and fields are here, but no houses, no human beings. Here is absolute quiet, but for the songs of birds in trees and hedges; a blue sky above, and below the glittering, silver river! No wonder Mr. Fletcher loves Benfleet. What can a jaded, overworked journalist desire better?

Mr. Fletcher's house is small and curious. It is a round house, with whitewashed walls, and a steep sloping roof. It resembles the Dutch houses on Canvey Island, built, it is said, by Dutch fishermen who brought eels to the London market—eels that would not live in fresh water, and must be sent daily to the city from the sea. Mr. Fletcher opens the little wooden gate leading into his garden, and is greeted by his family. He has his quiver full of children—boys and girls of all ages, from the clever young man in the *Daily Chronicle* Office to the baby of two or three—the spoilt pet of the family. The cows and wheat are discussed, the chickens and ducks are visited, and London is forgotten until a bundle of papers is thrown down on the sitting-room table. Mrs. Fletcher, who is not strong, prefers her London home to the little round house at Benfleet; but it is easy to see that the young people rejoice in their freedom, and do not care how small the

house is if they may enjoy the garden, woods, and pony chaise. Mr. Fletcher is an ideal *paterfamilias*. He is the friend of his children, studying their characters, and giving them not only scope to develop as free individuals, but every modern advantage in the way of education. But a word or look from him is sufficient to check the most exuberant spirits, and one feels the same quiet force at work in the family that keeps together the machinery in the *Daily Chronicle* Office. "A very silent man," people say when they meet Mr. Fletcher for the first time. "I don't understand him" is the general comment. He is a man who husbands his forces, and does not let them drivel away in artificialities. But there is no better companion than the Editor

of the *Daily Chronicle* when he is in the mood to talk: a raconteur of the first order, full of humour, good-natured in his shrewd criticisms of men and things, keen on all subjects connected with life of to-day. Few things are more enjoyable than smoking a



MR. FLETCHER'S HOUSE AT BENFLEET.

pipe with Mr. Fletcher in the little round house at Benfleet. He will sit up late into the night after the youngsters are in bed, giving his opinions and telling his stories, if he has a sympathetic listener. But he does not care to waste his energies. He reserves himself for his paper, into which he puts the best he has to give, and which is his larger self. Strange to say, he will even speak of his paper to friends, and accept their advice about it. This shows great humility on his part, most editors thinking the editorial chair above criticism or comment. But most editors are like school-masters, and Mr. Fletcher is too modern to be scholastic. His warm praise of his staff sends one to bed with a pleasant feeling of goodwill towards men.

X.Y.Z.

WE have received *The Monk of Mar-Saba*, the new story by Mr. Joseph Hocking (London:

Ward, Lock & Co.). It contains some very powerful writing.

IN THE FRAME OF THE MIRROR.

By JOHN REID,

Author of "A Chronicle of Small Beer."

LINLEY was in great form. He was feeding the staff on the occasion of his appointment to the assistant-editorship. But, as he had not so far drawn any salary, the banquet had been spread in a lodging-house parlour. Hock in tumblers had atoned for the lack of silver-plate, and through the smoke of their after-dinner pipes the well-fed guests were beaming upon their host and his apartment, as if the one had been a king and the other a reception-room in a palace.

With a mighty wrench the talk had been torn away from "the paper"; and for fear of its coming round again to that seductive peg, the wits of the company were at work to find another on which it might hang with some kind of permanency.

The fly-blown mirror on the mantelpiece was festooned with photographs of pretty girls. Jim Pinkerton (called Rolly, because he has put a belt of light literature round the globe, and in all his rolling has gathered no moss) fixed his glittering eye upon the portraits, and, with cosmopolitan frankness, at once commented upon them.

"I say, Linley," he began, "did you get a reduction on taking such a quantity?"

"How d'ye mean?" inquired our host, wrinkling his brows.

"Professional beauties, aren't they? Bought a windowful, I suppose. Sold under the Sheriff's warrant, eh?"

"Professional beauties!" our host retorted warmly. "It is pretty clear, my dear Rolly, that your eye has not been trained to the observation of ladies."

"No," Rolly answered drily, "I don't wear an eye-glass. And so these are ladies—wee, modest, crimson-tippet flowers—are they? I know the kind. They hang 'em up in cases at studio doors. But what possessed you to buy a photographer's case?"

"It may appear to you, my boy," Linley replied with an ostentatious simper, and a wave of his small dimpled hand, "a marvellous thing that one man should in his time have known so many maids, but I give you my word of honour that I have flirted with every one of these, corresponded with most of them, and kissed—a selection of the prettiest."

"Ah!" said Rolly, with a deep-breathed sigh; "business is pushed now-a-days. One ride does not satisfy Sir Launcelot, nor one Elaine. He rides cheerfully away from a score, the family album, stuffed with their likenesses,

bumping in his coat-tail pocket. With you, Linley, the *carte* seems always to have come before the horse!"

"There is a point, Rolly," Linley answered, caressing with his forefinger the shadow on his upper lip, "at which in these affairs the wise man stops. The photo-giving point has always seemed to me a convenient terminal station. I am not greedy. I have rested content with the likeness, and have left the original for a more selfish man. An I would, I could tell you a story about every one of these cartes."

Rolly, sitting cross-legged upon a hassock, laid his head on the coal-scuttle and surrendered his body to the gusts of mirth that played with it as the wind does with a leaf. His wrinkled yellow face and lean figure, knotted in the exuberance of his delight, gave him, as his head rolled on the scuttle, the look of a giant gargoyle, or an overgrown goblin chuckling over some trick played on humanity. His notion of evening dress did not detract from the oddity of his appearance. He wore glazed pumps, shepherd's tartan trousers, a black waistcoat, a mangy brown velvet jacket, and a spotted yellow satin scarf.

When he had overthrown the scuttle, choked himself with a back-draught of pipe-smoke, and wiped the tears from his cheeks with a crimson handkerchief, the quiet of exhaustion came upon him. He lay like a sleeping baby, and when young Smith, who was peeping with shame-faced admiration at one of the prettiest of the slightly smoked beauties, shyly suggested that Linley should tell us the story about that one, Rolly, with no more sarcastic comment than a faint rattle in his throat, and a feeble kick of one leg, murmured encouragingly,—

"Yes, do tell us, old chap, how you loved and lost that one."

Linley gave the dry cough which, like the first scrape of a fiddler's bow or the waggle of a golf club, is as full of promise as a bank-note. He summoned up a blush which scarcely mounted above his chin, and—for Linley is a political orator—plunged into his subject in that light bantering style of his which makes his audiences chuckle as much at his air as at the views he is airing.

"Upon my word, Smith has good taste," he said; "and it is doubtful if he could have made a choice less embarrassing to me. If you'll bottle up your sneers till my story is done, I'll tell you all I know about that sweet girl. I am sorry for



"THE SHIP CARRIED ONLY ONE QUEEN."

poor Rolly, who must feel rather sold as *I* am not the hero of the tale."

"Oh, not at all," muttered Rolly; "it will be a pleasant variety in your discourse."

"Ha! Well, no matter! As this is the story

of another, it is just possible that Rolly may refrain from helping me to tell it."

"Go ahead, man. You are quite safe from me at that other chap's back;" and Rolly, clasping his hands behind his head, thrust for-

ward his ears with an air of intense and awful interest.

"I met her on a steamer," said Linley, with a bow and a smile. "You have heard of my trip to the States, I think?"

Rolly pressed his lips together, and moving his head wearily on the coal-scuttle, emitted a deep groan.

Linley waved the interruption aside with the fingers of one hand, and proceeded with a roll of enjoyment in his voice:—

"I am, as you know, a modest man."

We stared at one another, and Rolly asked: "Is the tale as veracious throughout?"

"Tuts, tuts!" cried Linley. "My modesty compels me to resort to finesse at times when other fellows would win by cheek. In promiscuous gatherings, as on shipboard, I like to choose my company. Therefore I went to the steward almost immediately on the sailing of the vessel. You smile; but, as I am no Peter Bell, he was a good deal more to me than the man with the basin. I guessed that he was probably a collector of coins, and approached him through his hobby. He seemed to be quite interested in the Victorian half-sovereign. 'Steward,' said I, as the golden gleam of sympathy flashed between us, 'fix me up at table beside something pretty.' 'Dish o' peaches, sir?' he asked, with an unctuous smile that left me in no doubt as to his intelligence. 'That'll do,' I replied; and added doubtfully, 'I hope you're a judge of fruit.' 'If you don't like my peaches, sir,' he said, 'there's plenty'll eat 'em.'"

"I kept out of everybody's way till dinner-time. For the first half-hour of your acquaintance with him, you do not know a bore from any other man, but that fatal half-hour may poison the whole of your life on shipboard. Unless the ship shakes him off, it is hopeless for you to try.

"The hour came at last. The night was calm, and peace reigned within most of us. A dowdy fellow shared my state-room, and I had leisure to titivate to my heart's content. I entered the saloon at my best. You know what that is?"

"No. What is it?" said Rolly innocently.

"Moustache combed and waxed, waistcoat like the driven snow, not a speck upon me, and eye-glass sparkling in the electric light like a diamond embedded in rose-coloured satin."

"Embedded in Satan, you mean," interjected Rolly; "the reference was to your cuticle, wasn't it?"

"My dear fellow, consume your own smoke for a little," protested Linley.

Rolly sent clouds rolling upward from the mouthpiece of his short black pipe. "I couldn't swallow that," he said plaintively; "it would make me funnel-ly ill."

Linley held up his right hand, with the little

crooked finger that would get above the others, and shook it deprecatingly in the air. This was done with such lofty good nature that Rolly collapsed with one short gasp of mirth, and Linley went airily on his way.

"As I entered the saloon, I assumed a somewhat languid manner to cover the eagerness of my expectation. I was going to meet her, my queen, my queen! I did fervently hope that she would be my style. A fortnight's happiness hung in the balance of a steward's taste.

"I found my chair opposite to several empty ones, and experienced for some moments all the tortures of Tantalus. The steward gave me a reassuring grin as he passed. He returned piloting a party to their places in front of me. For a moment I dared not look, and then, my nerve returning, I saw sitting opposite to me the original of that photograph.

"You know that tall fair girls are of two kinds, the hard and the soft. This one was of the latter variety, graceful and willowy, conciliating with her friendly smile and the low pleading tones of her voice. I never met a more ingratiating maiden.

"Our acquaintance, which was very sweet, originated in salt. Pepper paved my way with the mother. I held the mustard in reserve for a possible father.

"Gentlemen, I am given to deep thinking——"

"He doth not unfold a tale," said Rolly; "the tale unfolds him."

"——to deep thinking," Linley went on positively, "and the appearance of that girl's mother—fat, fair, and foolish—gave me a shock. I cast the bulbous imagination out of my mind as one might throw a dumpling out of a window, and turned my prettiest stream of small talk upon the ill-matched pair.

"I don't care to say now what high hopes throbbed in my brain as I bent low over a plate of roast beef. The girl and her mother had taken my condiments with smiles and thanks. Their forms, of different degrees of airiness and allurements, floated before me in a mist of possibility. The mother hung low in the comfortable odours of earth; the little sister—whom till now I had forgotten to mention—swung her mustard-coloured legs prettily in mid-air; but she, my queen, sailed through the amber radiance of the highest heavens like an angel guiding to the gates of paradise.

"Thus was my soul soaring far above beef and vegetables, when a man, whose entrance was unobserved by me, sat down in the chair beside my divinity, and had the impertinence to blow his nose at her ear.

"I felt my heart sinking through my legs towards my boots as I observed the young girl's behaviour. She turned her lips away from the

succulent morsel on her fork to smile into the new-comer's face. An inquiring waiter was at the man's elbow, but before giving his order, he took a deep draught of the love that was offered to him. I made up my mind for the worst.

"It came. The girl whispered: 'Where have you been, Mr. Graham? I was afraid that you had fallen overboard, and I haven't been able to eat any dinner.' This was so fondly said that I feared for Graham. He might very well have been tempted to throw down his knife and fork and claim a kiss before the whole saloon. I could see that he was mentally guilty, and he replied in that soft, low voice which one never hears from a man with a healthy appetite at the dinner-table. The substance of his reply was as queer as the manner of it:—

"I was hunting for 'Lalla Rookh,' Miss Gracie. We were to begin it after dinner. There's scarcely a breath of wind on deck, and the captain says that we will be able to read by the light of the moon.'

"I observed, as a last hopeless symptom, that the fellow had a difficulty in letting the name Gracie leave his lips. He knew that I was listening; but this infatuated pair had passed the gates of bashfulness long ago.

"I measured myself with Graham, but imbibed no hope in the process. He was a grave, dark man of about thirty-five, with dreamy, masterful eyes, and a voice that took deep notes of feeling with ease.

"The little sister soon told me how it had happened. The mother and daughters, who were Canadians doing Europe, had met in Switzerland this man from the States, who was a professor of botany in some Yankee college. His beautiful person, polished manners, and genteel profession had been the seed of a friendship which sprouted on the Alps, blossomed in Italian conservatories, and now made the 'tween-decks of an Atlantic liner heavy with the perfume of love."

Rolly could contain himself no longer, and interjected sarcastically—" [loud applause in the gallery]."

With serene indifference Linley, now hot upon his theme, went bowling merrily along.

"I have never been able," said he, "to conceal the fact that I am a man of considerable common sense. I accepted the position gracefully, and finding, on an inspection of the ship, that she carried only one queen, I condescended to amuse myself with the little sister who, if not the rose, was very near to it. My good-nature was repaid by the jolliest juvenile flirtation that you can imagine. If the dear, long-legged darling had grown up during the voyage, we would have been married in New York. She could not do this, but she did the next best thing. She overlooked

the deficiency in herself so calmly that our romance progressed as pleasantly as if at the end of it had been a snow-covered mountain of plumcake with Cupids dancing on its slopes.

"We watched over our love-sick elders with kindly care. It is useless to tell you fellows what sort of thing went on. You haven't souls that could climb up to the description.

"The man never left Gracie's side. They sang love songs at one another over the piano. they were frequently found by the crew mixed up with rope and canvas and poetry; and when all was blue upon deck, he would lie at her feet in the moonlight and drink it into his soul out of her eyes, till the lunacy of love crept into his brain and made his murmurous talk incoherent to any ear but Gracie's.

"I never saw a man paw and claw about a girl as he did. He was for ever adjusting her wraps and tucking shawls about her. He was on deck with her every fine night for hours, and I don't believe he had his cloak upon his own shoulders at any time during the voyage. It was invariably thrown over some part of Miss Gracie's precious person.

"Yet though Providence was copious of moonlight and the poetical tap was never quite turned off, it was a cause of much anxiety on board that the unpractical pair had reached no definite understanding although the voyage was nearly over. They did not seem to long for the consummation of their bliss, but went dawdling along the dreamy lanes of sentiment and poetry as if there had been no such word as 'establishment' in the bright lexicon of Cupid.

"The mother was growing uneasy, with the kind of impatience that a hen might feel at the twitterings of a pair of love-birds. She wanted to rush on and bless them, but her cue was unspoken and the curtain seemed about to come down on a fiasco.

"The motherly heart confided in me, but I counselled patience. It is so easy for the mamma to come in like the laugh in the wrong place.

"The lovers parted at New York in despair, modified by an invitation to Montreal which Graham smilingly accepted.

"The glow of this hospitality was reflected upon me, and I spent so pleasant a time with my Canadian friends that there was little to spare for the business on which I had come over. I left Miss Gracie in the lotus-land of fancy, her eyes swimming with happiness and her lips trembling with hope.

"I had little more than settled down in this dusty despair, when her gracious promise that she would write and tell me all about it was redeemed.

"The letter was long, full of kindly reference to our journey and her own home. She seemed

to be striving to amuse me, and to take the edge off the loneliness of which I had complained to her. But though she pretended to write in high spirits, I could see that her gaiety was forced. I easily accounted for this. The task of writing to one young man when you are thinking wholly of another, is apt to be tedious; and if, with distinguished consideration for the feelings of your correspondent, you refrain from even naming the preferred one, it is easy to imagine that any enthusiasm displayed must be slightly pumped up. So I read on calmly, and was thankful for small mercies.

"I sighed as I came near the end. I could not look for another letter. It was the last gleam of a sunny time. When I reached the signature

at the foot of the third page, I turned the paper over with a vague hope that Miss Gracie might have begun again.

"Eureka! She had. I read the postscript eagerly. It ran: 'What do you think? Mr. Graham was married all the time.' Under the lines were three red strokes that, to my thinking, were made with heart's blood."

Linley ceased dramatically, and folding his arms, gazed gloomily into the grate.

"And," Rolly broke forth excitedly, "you stuck the girl's photograph in the frame of your mirror! My boy, you're a laggard in love. If it had been me, I'd have taken the next boat for Canada if the *Times* had said—'Stay and be editor.'"

THE PROSPECTS OF YOUNG ENGLISHMEN IN AUSTRALIA.

A CHAT WITH SIR HENRY PARKES.

Few men are more difficult to interview than the G.O.M. of Australia, and many is the snub he has given to enthusiastic journalists who have visited him for that purpose. Not long ago a smart young man who corresponds for a London paper cabled to England some words that had fallen from Sir Henry's lips in private conversation; and great was his consternation to find himself confuted by Sir Henry in an Australian paper, directly the cable brought back to Australia the information he had sent home. To see him now in the presence of the Australian G.O.M. reminds one of Dignity and Impudence, a picture that should be copied for the edification of all young journalists, and hung up in every editor's office.

It was with some diffidence that the representative of *THE YOUNG MAN* approached Sir Henry Parkes, to talk about the prospects of young Englishmen in Australia, feeling, nevertheless, that it was well worth the effort, as no better opinion could be obtained on the subject. Sir Henry Parkes' name spells "success." It is scarcely necessary to remind people how he came to Australia, at the age of twenty-four, and established himself in Sydney as a toy-maker. Eleven years later he started *The Empire* newspaper, which he conducted for seven years, and three years afterwards, in 1853, he stood for Parliament. He was defeated, but returned the following year as a Free Trader. In 1861 he visited England as Commissioner for Emigration, returning to Australia in 1862, when he took office as Colonial Secretary, and was the minister who passed the Public Schools Act of that year. In 1872 he formed his first Administration. In 1881 he went to America and Europe

for his health, and was entertained publicly, banquets being given to celebrate his visit. In 1877 the Queen made him K.C.M.G., and in 1888 he received from Her Majesty the Grand Cross of the same order. All this sounds very glorious; nevertheless, Sir Henry shows visitors the old shoes on his feet, and says, "These holes are what you may expect if you are Premier of New South Wales."

He has not the commercial instinct; in fact, if he were not a statesman he would like to be a poet.

Sir Henry is now in his eightieth year, but as strong and vigorous as when he wrote "Seventy," in *Fragmentary Thoughts*.

What task of glorious toil for good,

What service, what achievement high

May nerve the will, re-fire the blood,

Who knows, ere strikes the hour to die!

The next decade of time and fate,

The mighty changes manifold,

The grander growth of Rule and State,

Perchance these eyes may yet behold!

His portraits are known to all of us, but they give a very feeble idea of this wonderful octogenarian. See him in Parliament, his leonine head bent forward, thick white hair falling about his face, hands calmly clasped together, while speaking in the low, deliberate voice that has led so many Governments! Or better still, be his guest in his own house, where he receives visitors with the simplicity and quiet dignity of a really great man, and makes them welcome! He lives at Balmain, a suburb of Sydney, in a quaint-looking house with many balconies and turrets. There is no formality there. His little son "Cobden" occupies as much attention as the most eminent guest; and to Cobden will no

doubt one day come the Birthday Book, in which almost every living royalty and celebrity has written his or her autograph; also many a nonentity, for Sir Henry says, with a quiet smile, while handing the book to a visitor, "You may be hanged this time six months, and then your signature will have interest."

The house is full of notable things, busts of great men, and presents from celebrated people. In Sir Henry's study are many shelves of books, and amongst them are some valuable first editions collected by him from London second-hand booksellers. A conspicuous place is given to the works of the poets; and the visitor soon finds himself deep in the correspondence of Sir Henry Parkes with Browning and Tennyson, and lesser poets.

It was on a balcony overlooking Sydney that Sir Henry Parkes gave to the representative of THE YOUNG MAN his opinion on the prospects of young Englishmen in Australia. He began with an illustration.

"One of my friends, a man in a good position here, has enlisted my interest on behalf of his son," said Sir Henry. "The young man wants to go on a station, and refuses to take a place in a city office. I have written to almost every squatter I know without success. I am almost ashamed of asking people to find a place for him on a station. Squatters are retrenching all they can, and it is now nearly impossible for a young man to find a place on a station."

"He might be a free selector," I suggested.

Sir Henry smiled.

"That means hard labour," he said. "This young man does not object to work, but it must be on horseback."

Then he went on to explain that young Englishmen who come out here too often expect to rough it on horseback; they do not realize that years of hard labour must be gone through before anything like success will crown their efforts.

"A young man coming to Australia must forget that he has ancestors, and be prepared to take his chance with the working man. If he is

fortunate enough to have a little money, five hundred or a thousand pounds, he should put it in a safe Bank while he buys his experience. Money will be of no use to him until he knows the Colonies. He has everything to learn, for life here is quite different to life in England. He must begin at the beginning, and look out for opportunities; then, if he is healthy, sober, and industrious, he is sure to get on. Opportunities for making money lie under the feet of a young man in a new country like this, if he has eyes, and wit to take advantage of what he sees. One man will work for years at a thing and fail; another will follow him and succeed, because the second man will notice things that the first man did not see. It all depends on the man himself."

"What qualities are required in a man out here to ensure success?"

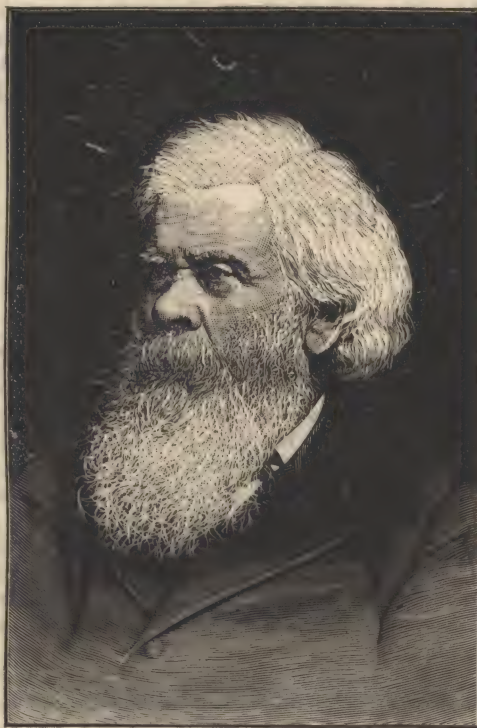
"The same as in the old country—common-sense, perseverance, and health; with these, and a little education, a young man stands a good chance of being successful in Australia; but he must put aside birth and position, and enter the lists with the working man. The qualities required by the working man here are those required by the educated young Englishman who wishes to succeed in Australia."

"Will you explain why you advise a young man to bank his money when he begins life in Australia?"

"Because it is quite impossible for a young man to invest money safely here before he knows the Colonies. Many young men fail because they bring a little capital with them, and hearing of likely things, invest it without knowing the true nature of the things they invest in. When their money is gone, they begin to buy their experience. I say, bank the money, and have it ready when experience has been bought, and it can be used with profit."

"I suppose there are few openings here for young Englishmen unless they go on the land?"

"If you study our statistics you will see that the greater number of situations in our cities are filled by Australians, but many responsible places are held by Englishmen. On the whole,



SIR HENRY PARKES.

the sort of young man now sent out to us from the old country is better than it used to be; we get fewer scapegraces and black sheep. I remember an old friend of mine, a squatter, taking the son of an English nobleman on his station, and his dismay when he saw this young aristocrat's habits. He tried to make the Honourable work, but was told that gentlemen did not work in England. 'How do you manage, then?' my friend asked. 'Sir,' replied the young man, 'we live on the labours of others.' 'If I were your father——' my friend began. 'Stop, sir, pray stop!' cried the young man. 'Thank God, sir, you are not my father.'

"But such people come out here still," I remarked; and I told Sir Henry how Cardinal Moran had rescued a young man, "the scion of a noble family" (so his Eminence expressed it), from playing a flute in the streets of Sydney. This led to some amusing stories of bygone days,

when Australia was the happy hunting-field of young men who had come to grief in England.

"On the whole, then, you think the outlook for young Englishmen here is hopeful," I said.

"Yes, providing they will work. But the world is growing too luxurious," said Sir Henry Parkes. "A gentleman, some time ago, asked me to get a position for his son; and when I pointed out to him how my own son was working, he said, 'But my son has been delicately brought up.' There is no place in Australia for people who will not begin at the beginning."

"I have heard a great deal about the sharpers who infest ocean steamers, and look out for young men when they land here. Do you think such people are numerous?" I asked.

"I do not know; but a young man who suffers at their hands must be a loose fish, without the grit needed to get on in the Colonies."

J. L.

THE IDEALS OF YOUTH.

BY THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

II.—THE MERCHANT.

THE highest honour ever paid to the spirit of traffic was when Jesus Christ compared the kingdom of heaven to a merchantman seeking goodly pearls. All the salient features of the trader are touched on in that parable. At the one extreme is the pearl-diver who has found a gem, but needs food, clothing, and shelter; at the other extreme is the man who has all these, and is willing to give them in exchange for the jewel. The whole principle of commerce swings between these two, whether the transaction takes place on the playground, when one boy swoops his marbles for another's jack-knife, or in the shop, where the baker passes the loaf across the counter, and receives in return so many coppers; or when a nation which has too much corn, but too little coal, agrees to change commodities with another which has too much coal and too little corn.

There are people, I am told, still existing, who look down on trade and tradesmen. I have often wondered who these people can be; for, though I have turned it over and over in my mind many times, I have not yet discovered the person, in a civilized community, who is not in some way or other connected with trade. From the throne to the squire and knight of the shire, down to the select boarding-school for "the sons and daughters of gentlemen *only*," I find that all, one way or another, hold their station by precisely the same law of supply and demand which governs the plumber, the butcher,

or the shoemaker. The landowner cannot eat his land: he must depend on those who rent and use it. The artist, the lawyer, the author, the doctor, has each a skill and aptitude of his own which he has had to train and perfect, and this is his stock-in-trade, which he is willing to sell for what others have and he wants. And so through the whole gamut—consols, scrip, shares, investments sunk or floating—everybody is in touch with trade at some point, and dependent on it for his very existence. To sneer at trade is to betray the empty vanity which knows not when it plays the fool. From the one on the throne down to the silent man in corduroys who digs our grave, we are all traders. If we are to distinguish at all between one and another, the merchant *per se* may be simply described as the one who is brought most directly into contact with his market—whatever that market may be. A word, then, as to the qualifications for his calling.

In the very foreground I would put *love of the work for its own sake*. The moment you come to look on anything you have to do as a mere road to something else, from that moment you have blocked your own road to anything better. Wage is important, but it is more important still, in every way, that whatever you have undertaken to do, you shall do heartily. The man who is content to get through with his work somehow will soon find that somehow he has little work to do. Put your heart into the work,

don't look at the clock and be always calculating the least you can do for the money you get. "The hiring gapeth for the shadow," but the true man will work even in the shadow rather than let scamped work pass from his hands.

Integrity next,—and by this I mean honesty and dependableness.

Here and there, now and again, wealth may be won by roguery, but fortunes found in that way have a curious will-o'-the-wisp fashion of betraying the owners into a bog at the last. The most potent name to conjure with to-day in the marts of the world is that of the Rothschilds, and their fortunes began with as sterling an act of integrity under sorest temptation, as ever a man displayed. Does any one say that a man cannot afford to be honest in these days? Deny it flatly: the truth leans all the other way: the man who wants to succeed cannot in these days afford to be dishonest. Men break down, not from being too honest, but from not being honest enough. The mousing man never prospers for long,—the man, that is, who is honest enough in great things perhaps, but is always nibbling, nibbling at the law of honesty in little things. The distrust engendered by the little rascalities spreads its blight in the end to the whole business.

Have an eye for details. The great impression, the broad and general view, may suffice for the poet or artist, but never for the merchant. He must know to the minute when the post comes and goes, and to a fraction how prices fluctuate: he can count nothing relating to his business unworthy of being stored up in his mind. Eyes right, ears open, hands out of pockets! And respect the value of details with regard to your own personality. Linnell, the artist, was a man of integrity and industry, but was very slovenly

in his dress. Asking Mulready one day why it was that inferior men were made Associates of the Royal Academy while he was left out, his friend quietly pointed to a blotch of mud on Linnell's coat and said—"That is what has hindered you." It was a small defect to have carried such consequences; but when you look round and inquire a little closely into the reason of men's failures, you will find that the bulk of them have been owing, not to great or grave causes, but to small and seemingly trifling ones. Slovenliness, unpunctuality, a rude manner, incivility, indifference to the little amenities of life—these, as much as evil habits or companionships, have been the fatal things which have deterred many an otherwise promising youth from getting on. Keep your eye on the spot of mud.

Magnify your calling. Take large views of it. The honest merchant is the pioneer of God's greater providences for the race. Our civilization is reared on trade: it covers our seas with ships, levels the mountains and exalts the valleys that would else keep people apart: it feeds the fountains of philanthropy, fosters learning and encourages all the arts,—and it is trade that lays a check upon war by developing the resources of peace. In serving men it furthers God's general plan. The day is past when those who wished to dedicate their lives to God were expected to become monks, ministers, or missionaries. His field is the world, and they can serve Him there with equal fidelity as merchants. If you would have the rains and dews of heaven nourish the better hopes that are in you, then invest heart and life upon the promise that if you seek *first* the kingdom of heaven, all things else shall be added unto you.

OUR SUMMER GATHERING IN SWITZERLAND.

PARIS INCLUDED IN THE TOUR. DOVER AND CALAIS ROUTE ADOPTED.

WE are glad to announce that arrangements have been made for all our parties to travel by Dover and Calais (the short sea route). This is the quickest and most comfortable route, and

THE JOURNEY CAN BE BROKEN AT PARIS on the way home. We are overwhelmed with applications for places, and we would venture to suggest that those who intend to join in our Summer Gathering should book as soon as possible. The illustrated programme can be obtained by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to Mr. F. A. Atkins, 2, Amen Corner, E.C.

Our arrangements have already been fully announced, but we may remind our readers that the inaugural address will be delivered by Sir B. W. Richardson on "How to Make the Most of Life." There will be two lectures by Sir Robert Ball; Mrs. Fenwick Miller will read a paper on "America and the Americans"; and there will be sermons and addresses by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. C. A. Berry, Rev. Dr. Lunn, Rev.

W. J. Dawson, etc. The programme also includes an illustrated lecture on "Interviewing and Interviewers," by Mr. Harry How, the interviewer of the *Strand Magazine*; "A Talk about Books," by Mr. Edmund Gosse; three lectures by Mr. Edward Whymper, author of *Scrambles amongst the Alps*; a paper by Miss Friederichs on "My Experiences as a Lady Journalist"; besides concerts twice a week, in which the Misses Edith and Dora Tulloch, Miss Helen Saunders, Mr. J. F. Horncastle, and a quartette from St. Paul's Cathedral will take part. Mrs. Mary Davies has promised to sing at some of the concerts.

Parties will leave London (Holborn Viaduct) every Tuesday and Friday from June to September at 11 a.m., and for ten guineas we offer a second-class return ticket from London, seven days' full hotel accommodation at Grindelwald, and three days in Lucerne. Or the last three days may be devoted to other supplementary tours.

ELIJAH AND ELISHA.

By DR. MARCUS DODS.

THROUGHOUT all the recorded intercourse of Elijah and Elisha it is made quite obvious that Elijah clearly saw that Elisha was not to be a mere imitation or reproduction of himself. He seems even to have feared that his very marked character would unduly dominate the lesser Elisha and unconsciously mould him. This is shown in their first meeting. Elisha is ploughing, busily preparing his fields for the first crop he has had for three years, anxious to repair, if possible, the loss these years of famine have occasioned. Elijah abruptly, apparently without warning, greeting, or pause in his walk, flings his prophet's mantle over Elisha, and passes on without a word. It might not be difficult to trace in this some remaining despair on Elijah's part. Why has he no word of welcome or encouragement for the man whom God has selected to be His companion and ally? Does he not think it worth his while even to turn and see what effect his conduct has on the man thus abruptly called from pleasant rural ease, so dear to the Israelite, to a life of hardship and danger? Does it not look rather as if Elijah were saying to himself, I will have no share in the responsibility of this; I will execute God's commission, and if this man pleases to respond to God's call, he does so at his own instance and at his own risk.

The different temperament of the two men becomes at once apparent—Elijah, solitary, stern, voiceless, like the whirlwind or lightning of his own vision; Elisha, like the still voice, full of human sympathies, all alive with thought and feeling which must find utterance, a hearty, hopeful, humble man. For a moment he stands and looks at the mantle suddenly dropped upon him as if from heaven, and from it to the strange figure whose shoulders it has left, and at once comprehends the situation as distinctly as the heir on whose brow his tottering father sets the crown, and on whose shoulders he lays the robe of state. He was prepared for the summons. God's call comes with an outward suddenness, but it comes to those who are prepared by Himself to respond to it. It is not now that Elisha goes through the struggle of giving up all, and following to a life which must be fashioned day by day by God's will. He has done that already. He had, perhaps, stood a few weeks ago on Carmel, one of those who had been torn with doubt, and yet maintained faith, and there his doubt and hesitancy had been rebuked. And afterwards shame may have seized him that none had been found to second and defend Elijah; shame that he himself could go back to his

peaceful farm, while the man of God, the worthiest man in Israel, had a price set upon his head, and had none to say "well done." Such thoughts had probably wrought in him a full consecration of himself to God's work, which the Lord, understanding, chose him as His representative for the next half-century. Elisha has not now, therefore, to make up his mind. But by God's call he only feels himself more strongly bound to men; it is, as interpreted by him, a call to consider and help his people. And so his old affections are quickened, not dulled, by it. He asks first to take leave of his relatives.

In Elijah's curt and strange answer, containing no offer to accompany Elisha to his new home, nor even any promise to wait for him, the same spirit is shown. "Go back again; for what have I done to thee?" Here, indeed, there is what would have been to a touchy spirit, or to any one with a less quick penetration of the movement of human nature than Elisha had, a disclaimer of any connection between the two. Elijah refuses to take any government of Elisha's action, refuses even to acknowledge that he has given him reason and invitation to follow him. "Go back again; what have I done to thee?" Elisha is thrown back upon himself. He is not to be the servant of Elijah, but of God, and his own conscience. He is not to submit himself to the influence of a commanding character; he is to judge for himself, to think for himself, to act for himself, to lay bare his own soul to the immediate eye of God. Thus from the first, Elisha is prevented from putting himself wholly under Elijah's influence. And Elijah is careful to have it so.

His answer is in substance the answer one must often give to those who ask advice on points of conduct. A young man in good circumstances, like Elisha, comes and asks you whether he should enter the ministry. What can you say to him but this, that he must not accept a call from you or from any man, but from God. If his own heart recognises and accepts the call, let him obey it. There is always a danger in allowing personal influence to overstep its legitimate limits. There are always in the world a number of people of no strongly marked character who are liable to be moulded by those who are strong in individuality. But even when the influence which rules them is good, it may do no good, but harm, to them, if they allow it, as they often do, to lead them into positions for which they are not fitted. A great name in the army or navy lends a lustre to the profession which

leads into these professions many young men who are wholly unsuited for them. None are such hero-worshippers as boys, and very frequently a boy of weaker character has his position in life decided by the circumstance that his elder brother or school companion has chosen a certain profession or career. Parents, also, may exert too strong an influence on their children, though, of course, the opposite fault is the common one. The time of emancipation from such influence is extremely precarious and difficult to manage. The child should have his own conscience educated, should be led to feel that he has a guide within him, as well as without, should be trained little by little by being left to his own judgment to find his own way among points of conduct, and so when he grows up there will be none of that appalling revolution one sees so frequently when parental restraint is removed, and lo! there is nothing within to take its place.

Elijah shows extreme reluctance to become a father-confessor or spiritual director. In the very spirit of Christianity he answers to those who ask minute direction, "Do not come to me; ask within your own conscience." People ask, Are we to abstain from this or that amusement? is this practice or the other consistent with my calling as a Christian? The answer is,—It is you who have received the call, and it must regulate your conduct. If it is not in your heart to give up all to obey the call of God, it is vain for any earthly adviser to tell you to do this or that. If you find it possible to mix in the same scenes, to enjoy the same amusements as before, do so by all means. If your recognition of Christianity and fellowship with Him do not enlighten your conscience and enable you to find your own way through life, what are they doing for you? To all who make a stand for this or that worldly amusement, and who only give up what, in common decency, they are forced to give up, God would say, Who hath required this at your hand? Do I force you to yield a reluctant service? Who asks you to give up worldly pleasures if your own heart does not prompt you to do so?

The following of Christ should be a matter of unconstrained and hearty choice. He does not wish to be followed by those who feel themselves under compulsion, and who sadly and reluctantly, and as if constrained by an overpowering necessity, abandon what they are taught is inconsistent with discipleship. Religion must be a free, hearty, joyous thing, or it is worth little. If, instead of giving strength to bear our burdens, it really adds a burden of its own, it is worth little. If it does not develop us into a manhood which finds no relish in the childish frivolities that formerly attracted us, we have not experienced the true power of religion. Connection with Christ lifts men

into a life in which certain things seem incongruous, unattractive, impossible. Elisha made no lamentation at his leave-taking. He made a feast. It was like the festival of a bride, who feels leaving the old home, but whose sorrow is drowned in an overwhelming joy.

And yet, where the love of what is good has not as yet so rooted itself as to make all obedience and righteousness spontaneous and delightful, discouragement should not be allowed. For the perfect love, which rejoices only in good, is a great attainment; and if our will is so resolutely bent on righteousness that we compel ourselves to do it, the love of it will follow. We must not forget that our character is at present in process of formation. A perfect character will delight in all good, and the fulfilment of all duty will be but the expression of its own leanings and likings; but while the character is only in the stage of growth and immaturity, it must be judged by what the will is resolutely set upon. If we are determined to be righteous, then we are righteous, even though the love of righteousness is as yet more a matter of conviction than of feeling.

The terms on which the two prophets lived are indicated in the closing scene of Elijah's life. The persistency with which Elisha followed the elder prophet is brought out carefully by the writer. Three times over does Elijah beg his disciple to remain behind him, and allow him to meet his fate alone. Some presentiment taught Elijah that the time of his removal from earth had arrived, and at Gilgal, at Bethel, and at Jericho he utters the same request to Elisha, "Tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me further"; and on each occasion he receives from Elisha the same answer, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." Why Elijah wished to be alone, we can only conjecture. His self-contained, reserved nature may have prompted him to pass through the closing scene alone. At least one great man of recent times earnestly desired and contrived to die alone, though dying a natural death. Elisha persisted in thwarting this purpose, not through any idle curiosity, but from the natural feeling that, being Elijah's disciple, he should follow him to the end, and that, being his successor, he should see that end. He felt he would be unworthy of his master if he could not bear to see what Elijah could bear to experience.

Having crossed the Jordan, and reached the land from which he had originally come, Elijah announces his imminent departure by saying, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee?" At once the answer comes, "I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." What Elisha requests is not that a spirit twice as mighty as Elijah's

might rest upon him, but that two parts of his spirit might be given him. Under Israelitish law, the firstborn's portion was two-thirds of the whole inheritance, and this Elisha claims from his spiritual father as his firstborn. Recognising how great a work had to be done in Israel by any one who succeeded to Elijah's functions, he desired that the spirit of Elijah might be continued in him.

Elijah's answer is remarkable. "Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so." This sign was not arbitrarily chosen, it was not a merely external sign which had no connection with the thing signified. On the contrary it entered into the essence of the matter. The appearances which accompanied Elijah's departure were spiritual, and spiritual things are spiritually discerned. The chariot of fire and horses of fire are said to be of fire because this brilliant and subtle element is the material symbol which best represents the intangible glory of the spiritual world; but of course they were not horses made of material fire. They were a spiritual appearance. Just as the painter Blake said that when looking at the sun, it was not the material sun he saw but ethereal powers and beauties hidden from the bodily eye, so Elisha saw what was hidden from the sons of the prophets on the opposite bank of the river. What Elisha seemed to see was a chariot of fire dashing between him and his master, and as he steadily gazed a wind caught up Elijah, who ascended not in the chariot but by the same wind or spirit of God which had so often carried him hither and thither during his life. And as Elisha saw it, he cried, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

What Elisha meant by this exclamation is not certain. The same exclamation was repeated when Elisha himself was dying, and it therefore seems probable that it was meant to express that in the persons of these prophets the strength and glory were departing from Israel. The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof could be nothing else than the symbol of the power which defended Israel. This is confirmed by the vision which Elisha again saw when he and his servant were hemmed in by the troops of the King of Syria in Dothan. The servants seeing the horses and chariots of the enemy cried out, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" Elisha calmly answered, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them"; and praying that the young man's eyes might be opened, the servant saw what the master had seen all along, the whole mountain filled with chariots of fire and horses of fire round about Elisha. But how was it that Elisha had seen help where his servant saw none? Mani-

festly by faith, by spiritual insight; by that faculty or gift which enables men to see not only material things with the bodily eye but spiritual things with inward sense of their reality. And in this Elisha was even greater than his master. Elijah thought he was alone; he gave up the war because he was unsupported. Elisha could never do that; the whole heavens around him were thronged with mighty powers engaged in the same cause with himself. There is in his life no despondency, no flight into the wilderness, no prayer that he may die, but the calm and steadfast power of one who sees that they that be with him are more than they that be against him.

Manifestly this power of beholding the invisible and of relying upon supernatural aid for his country was the surest evidence that Elisha had a large measure of the prophetic spirit; of that spirit which could enable him to represent God's will among his people. The seeing of Elijah as he was taken up seems to have the same meaning. It also showed that Elisha was at home among supernatural appearances and events. And the visible evidence that he had seen the last of Elijah existed in the mantle which he picked up as it fell from the glorified prophet. The sons of the prophets, indeed, though they saw in Elisha's again crossing the Jordan proof that the spirit of Elijah had come upon Elisha, could not persuade themselves their master had been rapt from earth, and made diligent but unsuccessful search for him through the country. But the mantle of rough hair which characterized Elijah was the fit symbol of the functions he had exercised and fittingly passed to Elisha, his successor.

That Elijah was translated without dying, the narrative plainly means us to believe. The appearances accompanying his translation were dependent on the mind of the beholder, seen by some, not seen by others. But the essential fact was that Elijah was rapt from earth, leaving behind him nothing but the symbol of his office. And no doubt when the fifty strong searchers returned and compared notes and became convinced that Elijah, the living man, had been bodily taken from earth, they must have felt nearer to a world unseen than heretofore. It grew indeed into a belief that Elijah was not far off or unobservant, but at hand and watchful, to return in the hour of his country's need. And in so unique a miracle as translation, when it occurs in the case of Elijah, it is difficult to see anything incongruous. For of all men he seems to have been least dependent on earth and most accustomed to live in God. He was indeed but a voice, an utterance of heaven, without any obvious personal interests of his own, or any of the ordinary earthly attachments. That

such a man should pass to the spiritual world as if already akin to it has in it something which commends itself to the imagination and the judgment.

Elisha succeeded to Elijah's spirit, because he was able in the midst of his natural grief when his master was removed, calmly to contemplate this removal. He saw him who had chiefly upheld God's cause taken from earth. He knew that the fifty strong men who had gone to seek Elijah would seek in vain. And yet he could quietly take up the prophet's mantle and depart, believing that the cause of God would still be adequately maintained on earth. Elisha had learned that not in the bodily presence of Elijah, but in the maintenance of his spirit, the safety of Israel lay.

What then remains with us as the practical teaching of this astounding scene but this, that in proportion as we are able to see spiritual things shall we be strong in spirit for the work the world needs? Spiritual vision is the source of spiritual strength. He who sees with the distinctness of bodily vision the realities which belong to the spiritual world has a strength to which nothing seems impossible. He to whose inward eye the chariots of fire which accompany God's servants are clearly discernible, cannot but have a courage and a hope not given to every man. It was this seeing of things invisible, this walking with God, this immovable persuasion that God means good to the world, is ever working towards a perfectly righteous kingdom, that gave Elijah and Elisha their strength, fidelity, and success in dark and evil days. And in our day, as in theirs, the men who do most of God's work in the world are those who see

powers about us which are not of earth. It is a great step gained when we discard the notion that God is a mere spectator and not an energetic worker in this world. We cannot too emphatically tell ourselves that with Divine energy God is now working in the world, spending among us the life and force that ever and unceasingly flow forth from the Divine nature. Only believe, only learn to live in God's presence, in the presence of a living God, and not of one who is tired of earth and weary of interfering, and your own life will become the receptacle and the channel of a portion of that Divine energy. And if Elisha, when he saw Elijah taken from earth, found it easier than ever to believe in the unseen, surely we may well believe, who know that our Master and Lord has ascended and reigns on high. If we feel insufficient for the work He has left to us, if we know not how we can ever tread in His steps and represent Him on earth, let us remember that He is now at the seat of all power in order to aid us, let us constantly believe that there is a living One who once shared with us all the difficulties of life, enduring the contradiction of sinners against Himself and all the formidable and overwhelming obstacles to every good work and solid reform, and is now ascended to God's throne that He may make all things new—let us remember and consider Him, and we shall be animated with all the strength we need. They who can look upon Christ as He ascends, they who can believe that He who shared with us on earth in the very troubles and opposition we meet is now with God at the centre of all power, will receive a double portion of Christ's spirit.

A COMPLETE story by Jane Barlow appears in *The Young Woman* for June. This number also contains a deeply interesting interview with Miss Weston, the "Friend of the Bluejackets"; a "Letter from the Sunny South," by Mrs. Josephine Butler; and a paper on "How to Study Astronomy," by Agnes Giberne. Mrs. Esler writes on "The Girl Who Makes Mischief," and Miss Billington shows how a girl may earn her living in Journalism, Art, and Photography. The number is fully illustrated (Partridge & Co., 3d.).

WELL, to suffer is divine;

Pass the watchword down the line,

Pass the countersign "endure."

Not to him who rashly dares,

But to him who bravely bears,

Is the victor's garland sure.

—J. G. WHITTIER.

CRITICISM never hears the gospel. Mere genius never hears it. Broken-heartedness always hears it.—DR. JOSEPH PARKER.

No true man can live a half life when he has genuinely learned that it is only a half life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

CHRISTIANITY wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people, and the old are hungrier for love than for bread. The oil of joy is very cheap, and if you help the poor on with a garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

ANGER in itself is not sinful. Christ, whose perfection is the root and law of ours, was sometimes angry. It would be sinful not to be kindled to indignation by baseness, treachery, cruelty, and hypocrisy. But anger must not be suffered to break out into violence. It must be kept within the control of conscience and of reason. It must not be poisoned by malignity, nor degenerate into revenge. And the heat, the agitation of it, must soon be repressed.—R. W. DALE.

OLIVE SCHREINER AT HOME.

THE STORY OF A VISIT TO MATJESFONTEIN.

WHEN I stepped ashore at Cape Town, early one Monday morning, a little more than a year ago, I had not read *The Story of an African Farm*. I had seen only some stray extracts in a critical review. In the afternoon a Cape Town friend directed me to the busy post office. Just as I was pocketing my stamps, my friend touched my arm, called my attention to the open door, and whispered, "That's Olive Schreiner going out." I saw a lady who was rather short, and somewhat stout, and brisk and bonny; but the momentary glance I got of her face gave me the erroneous impression that she was of a disposition that was a little stern and forbidding.

Returning to the house that was to be my home for a few weeks, I found not only a copy of *The Story* there, but also that the lady to whom the house belonged knew Olive Schreiner when she was still in her teens. They lived in the same place, away in the Eastern Karroo. When I had read the book, and talked with this lady about it, she said to me, "Olive Schreiner was always studious, and fond of reading solid literature. In those days she was often out in little quiet

nooks, alone with a book; and one day my husband came across a copy of *Sartor Resartus* lying on the veldt. Taking it up he found its margin full of notes—the reader's reflections. He was sure it could be nobody's but Miss Schreiner's; and that proved to be the case."

I soon learnt that Miss Schreiner lived at Matjesfontein, in the Karroo. Now the Karroo extends over hundreds of miles; and so, though I intended to see a little of what it was like, I had then no thought of ever visiting Matjesfontein. But meeting some one who was about to return home, after spending three months in South Africa, I asked him where I had better go to see something of the Karroo. "Go," he said,

"as far as Matjesfontein." A fortnight later I found myself there.

Matjesfontein must formerly have been simply a farm by a fountain or spring. But, the railway from Cape Town to Kimberley passing through the plain, it was seen to be a convenient place for up and down travellers to take their morning or evening meal, and so it became a station of considerable importance. Then Mr. Logan, the refreshment contractor, made his

own home there, and became possessor of most of the land around. He put up two or three pretty cottages, like Miss Schreiner's, and also a two-storied house—"Reston Villa"—for the sake of visitors in search of such healthful influence as the dry air of the elevated Karroo affords. When you have added a few small houses for railway and other servants, a well-stocked general store, two or three out-buildings, and some Kaffir huts away on the veldt, you have nearly all that is artificial about Matjesfontein.

I put up at the Villa, taking my meals at the station rooms, a hundred yards away. There were two other Englishmen in the house—sufferers from

lung trouble. On the table in the sitting-room I at once espied a visitors' book. I soon found myself quizzing its entries. A little to my surprise, the last entry, in a bold clear hand, was,—

Name.	Residence.
Olive Schreiner.	Nowhere.

Evidently, I thought, this means that she doesn't want to be bothered by callers. "Still," I said to myself, "I shall call on her, even though I knew for certain that she would kick me from the door."

Next morning, after breakfast, strolling with one of my sick friends along a road leading away from the station, we met a lady alone, dressed as



From a Photo by
S. E. BARNARD,
Cape Town.]

OLIVE SCHREINER.

any lady might be in her own garden. My friend raised his hat as she passed. "Who is that?" said I; "I seem to know her." When he answered, "Miss Olive Schreiner," I said, "Of course it is; do you know her? I wish you'd introduce me." He replied that we should meet her at luncheon, later on. Thus I learnt that Miss Schreiner, like the rest of us, took her meals in the handsome station rooms, all alight at eventide with electricity. At lunch, to my pleasure, I found my seat put next to Miss Schreiner's, at a little table for six; and that was my place during my stay. I soon wondered how I could ever have thought her stern or repellent, in the least degree. She was agreeable, bright, communicative, chatty, not at all unwilling to linger over a meal, or after it, and tell a yarn, or hear one.

When I had been there only a day, something

I had mentioned about the new pleasure it was to me to spend a little time amid such strange surroundings, led Miss Schreiner to say: "To see the Karroo to best advantage, where civilization hasn't marred its natural features, or touched it at all, you should get a horse, and ride over the hills north-

wards, and when you have gone about nine miles you would find yourself in another extensive plain, with mountains on every hand, and no trace of habitation anywhere." I took the advice. Mr. Logan's manager kindly got me a good pony ("Sapper," Miss Schreiner's mount), and away I went, at half-past two, to see this piece of virgin wilderness. The weather was bright and brilliant. I soon overtook a coloured man driving two black cattle. Though innocent of English, I made him understand "Where?" and he said, "Calvinia;" and then "How far?" He held up all the fingers of one hand and one of the other, and said, "days." He had before him a six-days' journey. Miss Schreiner had told me I should be likely to see some baboons in the mountains, as they are to be met with here in considerable numbers. I halted now and again, but I

couldn't see a baboon. At length I found myself standing in the middle of an extensive elongated plain. Looking up, I could nowhere see even a speck of cloud. And looking all around, I could perceive no trace of a dwelling,—not even an animal, or a bird,—nothing but the silent bushy plain, and the barren, dumb and motionless mountains. I felt the silence. It was weird; it held me like a spell; I didn't care to leave it. Only, when I saw that the sun was moving down towards the lofty horizon, I deemed it well to get back again before the night had set in.

In returning, I turned aside to where I had seen a group of little trees near a dam. In the early afternoon I had heard much sweet twittering of little birds. It was spring-time. Surely in these trees they would build their nests. It was so. There were many nests in every tree,

and I could reach them on the pony. The eggs were various, but mostly of the size of finches. But the nests had roofs, and were as big as a man's head.

At dinner that evening I didn't forget to tell Miss Schreiner how thankful I was that she had suggested this memorable excursion. But when she heard

about the nests, she told me I had done a risky thing in putting my hand in, for there might have been a snake where I looked for eggs. This led to a talk about cobras, and puff-adders, and snakes, and she told us that her brothers were once up country, shooting, and they promised a Kaffir boy a shilling for every cobra he reported to them. He brought news of one, and it was honestly shot. It was not long before the boy had seen another. That, too, was shot, and paid for. A third was soon spoken of. Their suspicions were aroused, and, on investigation, they discovered that the three were one. The boy had wilyly put the creature each time in a different place and position; once on a bank, and the last time on the roof of an outhouse.

One morning my sick friend, Miss Schreiner's dog and I walked two miles on the veldt to where a Boer family were encamped (for five



OLIVE SCHREINER'S HOME.

months together) with a flock of two thousand sheep and goats. We found the encampment in the midst of some small trees, close to the bed of a stream, and near to the high mountains. There was a circular stone kraal with sheep in it, and the farmer, his son, and a coloured servant were catching and examining the sheep. The father knew no English, but the son did. After an hour's talk by the kraal, I perceived, a little behind us, a neat square canvas tent and a covered wagon. Thinking the tent was unoccupied, I asked if I might go inside. The farmer being made to understand me, left his work, and courteously led us there himself, when lo! within was his grown-up daughter. She, too, knew English fairly well, and she had, upon a little table near a bed, the latest edition of Sankey's Hymns (words and music). When I learnt that the father's name was Franz Marais, and that there was an uncle named Du Plessis, I said to the daughter, "You are not Dutch at all; you are French." And then I related the story of the Huguenots coming to South Africa, and further said that many came to England at the same time; that perhaps my name was originally Le Clerc, and that possibly her ancestors and mine came from the same French town, and that it might even be that we were relations—144th cousins, or something of that sort.

When I related this bit of play to Miss Schreiner, she said that if I knew how the Boers talk of their relations, I shouldn't think the 144th cousin so very distant. She had heard a Boer woman say of a young fellow, "His wife's father's brother's first wife was my husband's first wife's sister." I told Miss Schreiner, also, that my companion had remarked to the farmer's daughter how delightful it must be to be camping out as they were; that the lady didn't quite see the delight of it; that I had then said, You might have too much of a good thing, and that these great still masses of mountain, when one was inclined to melancholy, as most of us were at times, would tend to deepen the gloomy feeling. Miss Schreiner assented, and then said to me, "When I get low, I turn on all the lamps and lights I can get at, and make the place as bright as possible." This admission was of course perfectly consistent with her saying to

me one day, "On the whole, life has been to me a pleasant experience; I have had very little to complain of."

I told her that I had heard her brother, who is a Q.C., plead ably in the Supreme Court at Cape Town, and that I shouldn't be surprised to see some day that he was Chief Justice. To which she replied, "To be Chief Justice is nothing to aspire to; for a man to occupy such a position means, of necessity, his almost putting an end to himself."

There is something magnificent about the line of mountains that borders the plain in which Matjesfontein is situated, towards the south. And one evening, when the sun was near setting, the shadows of the cone-shaped peaks were so marked that I was tempted to try a rapid sketch. I showed it to the little party round the table at dinner, when Miss Schreiner said, "Yes, you have it, so far as the drawing goes; but there is one thing lacking, and it is lacking, of course, in all the photographs of these mountains—I mean their colour." This little speech made me feel the poverty of my sketch, but it enabled me to see a new and conspicuous glory in these grand mountains, for their colouring at times is something wonderful and charming.

In South Africa it is always dark early—soon after seven on the longest day. I often went out in the evening, or later, to gaze at the Southern Cross, and other new acquaintances among the stars; and I tried to get impressed upon my memory the appearance of a South African starlit or moonlit sky. I confessed to Miss Schreiner that I had been a little disappointed, having expected a far greater nocturnal glory as compared with what we could see at home. She wondered that I didn't see a very decided difference, and added, "The African sky, with its brilliant stars, and its masses of light along the Milky Way, is one of the things I miss most when in England."

Miss Schreiner spoke to me freely of what was then her intended visit to England in the coming spring. She said she was working on a book that was nearly finished, and that she would be going on purpose to publish it. I am morally certain that the little "Dream Life and Real Life" is not that book.

JOHN CLARKE, B.A.

DR. PARKER, Dr. Glover, L. T. Meade, Dora M. Jones, and Mr. Reid Howatt are amongst the contributors to *The Home Messenger* for June. There is a capital portrait and character sketch of Dr. Alex. Whyte, and many illustrations by the best artists. This is the best and cheapest of the penny magazines, and its circulation is advancing by leaps and bounds.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—RUSKIN.

THE tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, and impossibilities—it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak.—CARLYLE.

THE EMPTY MIND: A PARABLE.

PICTURE to yourself a man who, having been delivered from evil, falls into yet worse evil, because he has not learned to love goodness. The devil has passed out of the man—some torturing and tormenting devil of evil passion or unclean imagination—and the House of the Mind is swept and garnished. No one can any longer accuse him of complicity with sin; every sign of the old revels is swept away. The windows are open, the clean air blows through the rooms, and everywhere there is stainless cleanliness, painful purity, laborious order. But there is no one in the rooms, and that is why the doors and windows stand open to the air. There is no sound of industry, no movement of busy feet, no duty in progress of performance, no living aim that calls forth living energy; all is vacant, silent, deserted. Then the evil spirit comes back again and reconnoitres the empty house. He approaches with stealth because he expects resistance, but he finds none. There is no helmed and sworded angel of goodness to guard the doors, no garrison of high and dutiful thoughts to defend the threshold; and, seeing this, he beckons to himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and take possession. They enter, and they dwell there, to be no more cast out, and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

This is the parable of the empty mind, and it has a special and searching application to the life of youth. Can we picture the youth whom it describes? Most probably he is a youth well brought up, who has had many advantages. He may have known something of deceit and folly; he may have touched the fringe of evil and recoiled from it in disgust, so that its effect has been to beget in him a fastidious sense of propriety. Or he may have stood aloof altogether from the ungodly, for the cardinal point of the story is not so much that his heart once had an evil inmate as that it is empty of any inmate at all. In other words, his life has no interests. He knows no ardour of moral or intellectual aim; he is vapid, idle, unoccupied, indifferent. A vast world, full of strenuous struggle, beats out its stormy music round him, but he does not hear it nor regard it. He shares no social movement, has no civic passion, has even no keen and sufficing personal aims. There are books in the world that sum up the finest thoughts of the greatest men, but he does not read them. There are the worlds of art and music, but he has thought neither worth his study. There are men who are giving the whole strength of their life to the public good, but he does not so much as understand their way of looking at things. There are multitudes of men, both in the past and present,

who have found life an absorbing joy, who have delighted in its manifold sensations, its strange chances, its measureless opportunities; but he has never felt what this means, and knows nothing of the passion of living. He goes on his dead level of necessary work without a moment's sense of how vast and vivid a world he lives in. He is simply not interested in anything; and can there be a more apt and telling description of such a youth than this of the house which is swept and garnished, but empty: very proper in its irritating neatness, but unpeopled?

An American author has spoken of certain "terribly clean houses," which are only to be regarded with a sense of revulsion, and has thanked God that the kind Providence which watches over children, "takes care that very few are lodged in these alarming temples of cleanliness." We have known such houses, and it has not only been their painful propriety, but their lack of interest which has oppressed us. There have been no books, by which we have known that a body lived there indeed, but not a mind. There has been no music, and no picture, and no touch of taste, by which we have also known that the arts which do most to refine life have been despised. On the other hand, we have known houses quite humble, quite simple, and yet there has been an atmosphere in them which has revealed a soul. I was a guest once at a house in quite a poor street, with the most dismal of outlooks. There were fifty houses all in a row, and all alike; but this house, how different! There were books everywhere, and all good—books in the passages, books in the closets, books in every room; and one forgot that the house was small and the outlook dismal, because he was keenly conscious that it was a true temple of the Mind. It was more than that, for the man who lived there worked all day in an arduous business, and gave up his evening to help and instruct the poor; and if the devil had knocked at his door, he could not have got in for the books! And this is precisely the point of this parable: the devil does not knock at the door of the busy man, but of the idle man. It is the empty mind which he claims, and he enters in and dwells there.

My observation goes to prove that almost all the sins of youth may be traced to the empty mind. I have little fear for the youth who plunges into some congenial study, or takes up some mechanical or scientific hobby as soon as the day's business is over. In such work he will find security from the assaults of the flesh and the devil. Matthew Arnold has finely described how all the splendid sordidness and sensuality

of Rome failed to touch the Oriental peoples whom Rome subdued and governed:—

The East bowed low before the blast,
In patient, deep disdain.
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again

And so the tumult of the sensual world passes harmlessly over the youth whose mind is quickened with noble sympathies, and thrills with the passion and the joy of thought. And if I fear little for the youth who lives the intellectual life, I fear still less for him who early feels and admits the social obligations of life, and does what many a fine-hearted young fellow is doing—gives up his leisure to teach the children in a night-school, or to bring, in some cognate way, some gleam of hope and interest into the lives of the forgotten and the unregarded. But when I see a youth who seems to have no special aims of his own, who does not read, does not care for art or music or politics or athletics, does not take an interest in any one of the great causes which agitate the best men, and to which the best dedicate their lives—for such a youth I do fear. It is he who is the victim of the torturing imagination, and becomes the prey of the unclean spirit.

The one true principle of defence, then, is not merely to cleanse the heart of evil, but to garrison it with good, so that there shall be no room for evil in it. Many men think the battle ended when they have overcome a single bad habit. You were intemperate, now you are sober; you knew the paths of folly, now you avoid them; you were criminally spendthrift, now you are frugal and almost parsimonious; you deserve credit for your conquest, but it would be folly to suppose that it is final. It is not enough to tell me what you are not: tell me what you are. You may be, as Tennyson has put it, "icily regular, faultily faultless, splendidly null." You may avoid vice and yet have no virtues, be free of evil and yet have no love of goodness. When the weeds are cleared from the soil, the husbandman's work is only begun; you may have cleared the weeds, but you have yet to sow the good seed. Not to be vicious is a great thing, but it is not virtue; to be virtuous you must love virtue, and fill your mind with so great a crowd of good thoughts that there is no room for evil ones.

A well-known literary man told me the following story:—Years ago he was master of a school in the Far West, and was troubled because his boys wasted all their leisure in the reading of "dime novels." Thereupon he made a bargain with them. For a month he read to them, after school hours, the best works of Scott and Dickens, and at the end of the month gave them their choice—to go back to the "dime novel" and give up Scott, or take Scott and burn the "dime novel." With one accord the boys voted a bon-

fire of their "dime novels." Why did those boys no longer care for the pernicious rubbish that had once fascinated them? Because a higher fascination had possessed them. And for us, as for them, there is no other method of escape from the tyranny of low and base thoughts. We overcome evil, not merely by resisting it, but by replacing it. We do not only pull down the slum, we build the model dwelling. We are not content to drain the marsh, we cultivate it. The moment a higher fascination falls upon the mind, the lower fascination is disarmed and dispelled.

The Parable of the empty mind was spoken by the Greatest of all teachers, and the fascination which will effectually keep us from evil is the supreme fascination of Christ. I do not say that it is wise or desirable to emulate the Catholic, and keep a crucifix at the bedside, that your first and last glances day by day may rest upon that sublime figure of sorrow; but I do say, let no day open when your eyes are not lifted to that visionary Christ, no day close when your soul does not seek communion with that Divine soul. I do not wish to see at our street corners, and in the green shadows of our country roads, as one sees in Switzerland and Italy, the little shrine that dumbly calls us to prayer, the uplifted figure of the crucifix that touches us to nobler thoughts; but I do say, learn, even amid the tumult and seductions of the streets, to lift your eyes toward that quiet heaven, where all our loud contentions are lost, and are of no account. Let the chambers of the heart be hung with the unfading pictures of the Divinest life; let good thoughts be the sacred presences that fill it and pervade it; let the music of eternal wisdom echo there, and then you will be equally secure against the follies of idleness and the visions of sin. In the ancient legends of the Church the evil spirit always flees at the name of Christ or the sign of the Cross. So it is true, not in legend but in fact, that when a man bears the tokens of a higher tenancy, the armies of evil withdraw, and the siege of Mansoul is raised. We all of us know what it is to be scourged by evil thoughts, to be moved by impulses that we despise and loathe, even while we dally with them. But if we examine ourselves with the least sincerity, we shall know that such impulses come only when the heart is vacant, the mind unoccupied, the effort and aim of life relaxed. It is our wisdom, therefore, never to leave the door of the mind ajar, the portal unguarded. This is the plain and simple moral of the Parable of the empty mind, and to master this lesson will mean more than much knowledge learned from books, and much wisdom gathered from the bitter fields of experience, in that laborious remorse for folly which might have been avoided had we better understood ourselves.

W. J. DAWSON.

THE MICROSCOPE, AND HOW TO USE IT.

By W. H. DALLINGER, D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S.

IV.—SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF ITS USE.

WE want now to endeavour to practically illustrate, and to amplify the lessons of the previous

of the wonderful "hand-writing" disclosed must of course be sought for from the Botanist. We would, however, point out that the details will require a delicate adjustment of condenser and focus, and a careful use of light; and as a matter of necessity the splinter or shaving of pine must be thin, and well mounted.

Supposing that the conditions of light are as good as they can be made, we take a group of four disc-shaped diatoms, and therefore relatively large. There are two kinds in the group (which has been artificially arranged); the three that are alike, shown in Fig. 37, are known as *Campyldiscus thuretii*, and the single one at the bottom as *C. parvulus*. Respectively they are about the 1-600th and the 1-700th of an inch in long diameter. They have immensely more character than is shown in the images given; they will admit of a magnification six times as great as that here employed, with all the attendant results; but this amount of magnification produced by a $\frac{1}{8}$ th inch objective with considerable strength in the eye-piece is enough to show how extremely refined in

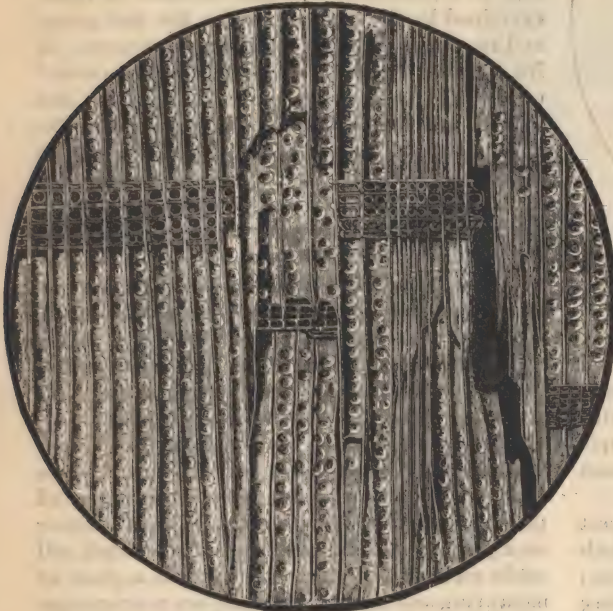


FIG. 36.

chapters. In nothing can we attempt to be exhaustive; our purpose throughout has been to indicate methods, and by suggestion to open a path to intelligent endeavour. The difficulty in this chapter is how to select wisely from the abundance of illustration at our disposal; but the very conditions of our paper require simple objects.

Let us begin with transparent objects; and suppose the objective we use is a $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, or a $\frac{1}{16}$ th inch power. Nothing can be simpler than a wooden "lucifer match." It is made of pine. Now it is possible to take a delicate shaving or splinter from it, and as was shown by Richard Beck thirty years ago, get the beautiful and instructive object we present in Fig. 36. A profound lesson in Botany is written in it, and at the same time the beautiful "pitted" fibres show us the remarkable detail that lies in the minutest objects we can examine.

For us it is enough to show here *what* the microscope does; the interpretation

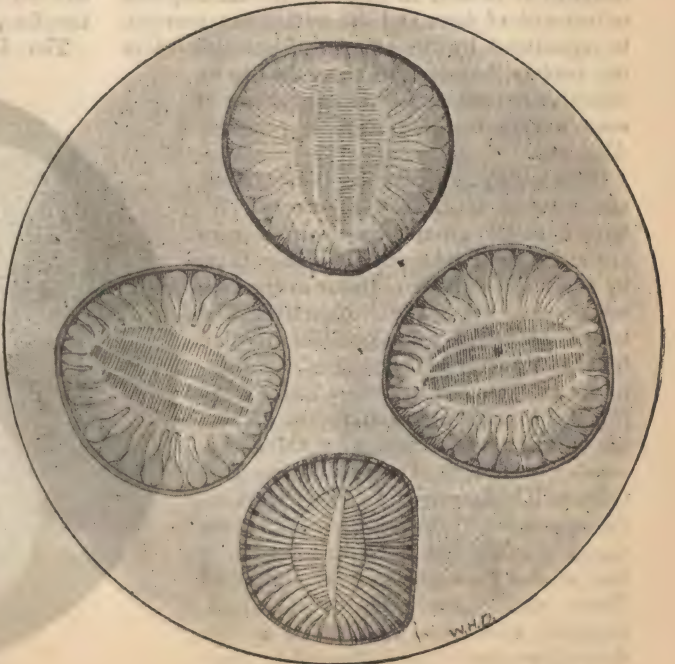


FIG. 37.

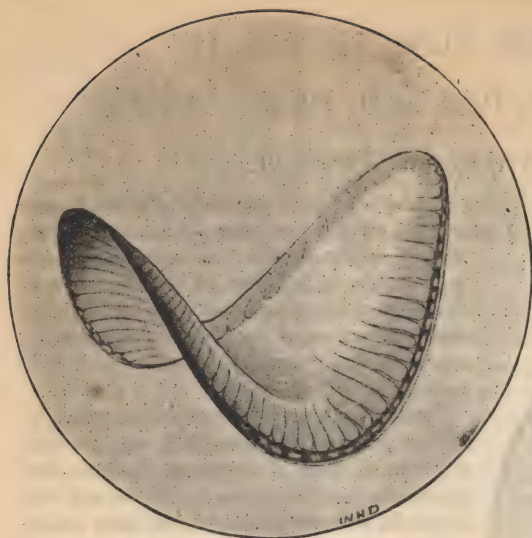


FIG. 38.

their glass-like delicacy these minute skeletons are, and at the same time to make clear to us with what precision some of the finest of nature's minute work may be made manifest, even with a simple microscope, and more or less simple accessories, provided they are used with care and intelligence.

It will not be difficult to remove this object and, with the illumination as before, to substitute another beautiful diatom of the same group; it is known as *C. Noricus*, being in long diameter about the 1-400th of an inch. The image of it is seen in Fig. 38. Its delicacy and refinement of form and decoration can scarcely be reproduced by any process. I put this before my readers, however, to show that in an objective not only a flat object but one of even a very complex form is perfectly disclosed.

But we may now vary our illustrations, and employ much lower powers. We have a small group of butterflies' eggs opaquely mounted; we illuminate them by bull's-eye or side-reflector as the case may be, and use a 1 inch objective. The images presented when our illumination is perfectly adjusted and focal arrangements at their best are exceedingly beautiful, as Fig. 39 faintly indicates. These are amongst the commonest things accessible at the right season in our pastures and hedgerows. In Fig. 1 we have the egg of *Pieris brassicae*; in Fig. 2 the egg of the Cabbage Moth, and in Fig. 3 that of the Brown hair-streak Butterfly. These are objects readily obtained, mounted with ease, and which at the same time afford the most complete pleasure and interest to the beginner with the microscope.

A still more striking group of eggs are accessible to the vigorous and constant searcher. They are the eggs deposited in the plumage of birds by the many minute epizoa or "Bird-parasites" that infest these animals throughout the world. They are mostly glued to various, suitable parts of the feathers of birds, and by the warmth of their "hosts" are hatched. In Fig. 40 I present the images of three of these, examined by the same means as the last group, and requiring no more special arrangement. In No. 1 we see the image of the egg of a "parasite" of the Black-winged Peacock, in No. 2 that of a minute creature infesting the plumage of the ground Hornbill, and in No. 3 the egg of a similar inhabitant of the feathers of the Australian Mallee-bird. And these eggs can be found on birds of every kind, dead and alive, and are within the reach of any vigorous searcher, while they are so easily mounted as to form a very easy introduction on the part of the reader to the interesting work which mounting involves.

While we have this illumination in perfect order, we may remove the last object, and take a mounted slide of Foraminifera lying beside us, and put in its place on the stage, or still better, we may take some Foraminiferous sand—new sponge-washings or sea and bay dredgings—and placing some of this evenly and with care either on a piece of blackened glass or in a small cell made on a slip of glass by means of a glass or metal ring and brunswick black, we may arrange the light and focus of the objective as before, and we shall again have a complete compensation for our pains.

The Foraminifera are in the main very

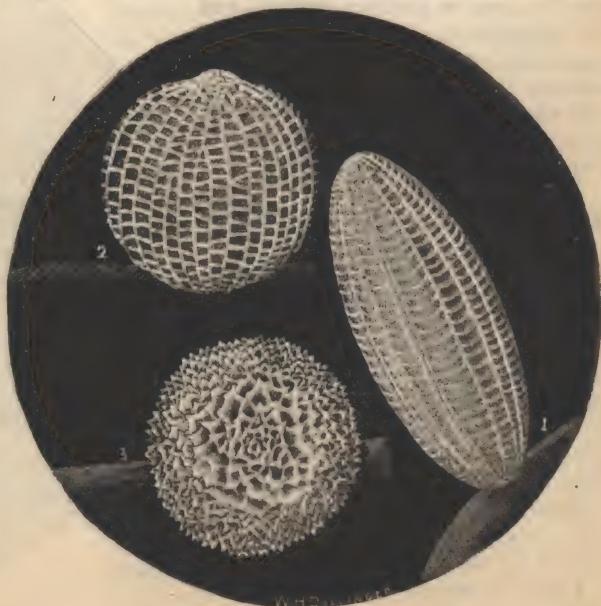


FIG. 39.

minute animals of the lowest type of organization, almost exclusively marine, which build out of the carbonate of lime in the ocean the calcareous tests or many-chambered skeletons of extreme beauty, and which have been in geologic ages produced in such enormous multitudes that, minute as they are, it is to their skeletons chiefly that we owe the existence of those vast chalk deposits that are so widely scattered over the globe; and they live and build still in the great oceans of the earth.

In Fig. 41 I give the images of a group obtained by the instruments recommended above, and they are such as the veriest tyro with the hints already given could perfectly reproduce in his unpretentious microscope. With the appliances provided with that microscope, however, we must not suppose that all that can be accomplished by the most elaborately and perfectly constructed instruments, where cost is of little moment, can be, even up to the limit of the magnifying power represented by the lower priced instrument, accomplished also. For example, I have assumed the purchase of the simplest and least costly substage condenser. With this only a diaphragm is provided. With the more costly condenser, such as the achromatic one of Abbe (which is procurable with a substage worked by rack and pinion, and without difficulty screwed on to the same microscope), a series of stops are provided, and the optical capacity is so much larger that we can easily produce with



FIG. 40.

it very delicate and powerful *illumination on a dark ground* of very delicate objects.

But such instruments are of necessity costly, and for a time at least may not be obtained by the reader.

Yet I should like to show those who are without the knowledge what beautiful results may be obtained by this or similar means, so I fall back upon what may be a very inexpensive apparatus applied to the microscope supposed to be purchased, and which will give like results, and at the same time explain the *principle* upon which, should the more elaborate and perfect condenser be obtained, the same result will be brought about.

The apparatus known as a *paraboloid* is seen in A*, Fig. 42, just as it would fit into the place occupied by the condenser and its iris diaphragm. P is the glass paraboloid, and its mode of operation is seen in B* *ibid.* PP is the glass paraboloid; through the centre of it a circular aperture is bored, and at the top of the paraboloid a hemispherical cup-like space is hollowed out and polished. Through the hole made in the axis of the paraboloid a brass rod is put, either with a screw or a good fitting, so as to permit of its being raised or lowered. At the top of this rod B is put a disc of blackened metal, which is seen in section, and this can be raised if required.

Of course the light comes from the plane mirror, just as with the condenser; then if 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, represent rays of light, it



FIG. 41.

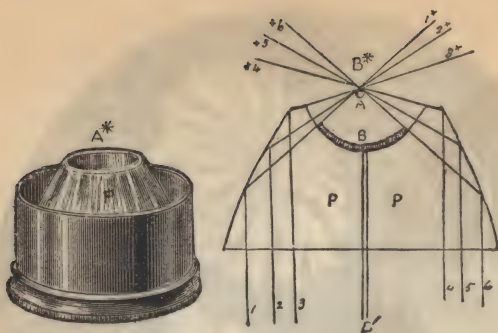


FIG. 42.

will be seen (1) that no light can pass through where the metal disc B is, and (2) if we follow the rays and remember the action of figured glass upon them, we shall understand how they are reflected, so that 1, 2, 3, emerge at 1*, 2*, 3*, and 4, 5, 6, at 4*, 5*, 6*, the whole crossing at A. That, therefore, is a point of intense light.

Now the rays 1*, 2*, 3*, 4*, 5*, 6*, are at too great an angle to enter the object-glass used; but A is the object or group of objects we are wishing to study. The result is that what we are wishing to see is richly illuminated at all points, but the ground on which it rests is *dark*.

Now this kind of illumination is eminently suited to the study of such beautiful objects as the Radiolaria. These are nearly allied to the Foraminifera, but instead of producing skeletons of carbonate of lime, they are strictly *silicious*, and consequently more imperishable. They are very minute, and often exhibit marvellous symmetry and beauty of form. They were inconceivably abundant in geologic times, living for the most part at the surface of the ocean, and falling in death, like a continuous



FIG. 43.

rain upon the ocean floor, built rocks of their minute and imperishable remains. They still exist; but geologic forms are easily attainable in "Barbadoes earth," and similar material.

A small group illuminated by a paraboloid is presented in Fig. 43. It could be shown with the bull's-eye, but not with equal results on account of the transparency and delicacy of the objects.

As a final illustration I will go to the pond. Almost all the year, somewhere a pond can be found more or less covered on its surface with "duckweed," and almost inevitably amidst the roots of this, if we dip a little water out, we shall find a population of what are popularly called "water-fleas." They can be made out as moving specks quite readily by fairly quick eyes, if the glass vessel containing them is held to the light.

We will assume that we have a bottle of water thus inhabited; and we will take it for granted—which is almost certain—that amongst our water-fleas is *Daphnia Pulex*. Now we want to catch *one* of these and place it in a position to be examined.

To do this, let the water containing them be put into an open glass bottle; take a small glass tube of about the 1-12th of an inch bore, and drawn to a point, being in length about 6 or 8 inches. Put your fingers on the broad end, and plunge the pointed end into the water. Of course, the water does not rise in the tube while your finger closes the top of the bore. Now wait and watch, with or without a hand-lens as may be expedient, until one of your "game" comes just under the bore of the tube; release your finger, and the water will rush up the tube and carry the daphnia with it. Before withdrawing the tube from the vessel, reclose the top with your finger, and you can carry the "flea" to the position desired.

For placing this object under the object-glass, there is no instrument that I know of so good as Rousselet's Compressorium, made by Baker of Holborn. Fig. 44 illustrates it. B is a brass



FIG. 44.

plate with a disc of glass fixed in its centre D. F is a frame carrying a thin cover glass, and the frame with its cover can be easily turned aside, leaving the disc of glass D on the brass plate quite open. But S is a screw which, when employed, carries the frame and cover F nearer to or further away from the glass disc D. Thus any object between the cover F and the glass disc D, can be gently "compressed," without

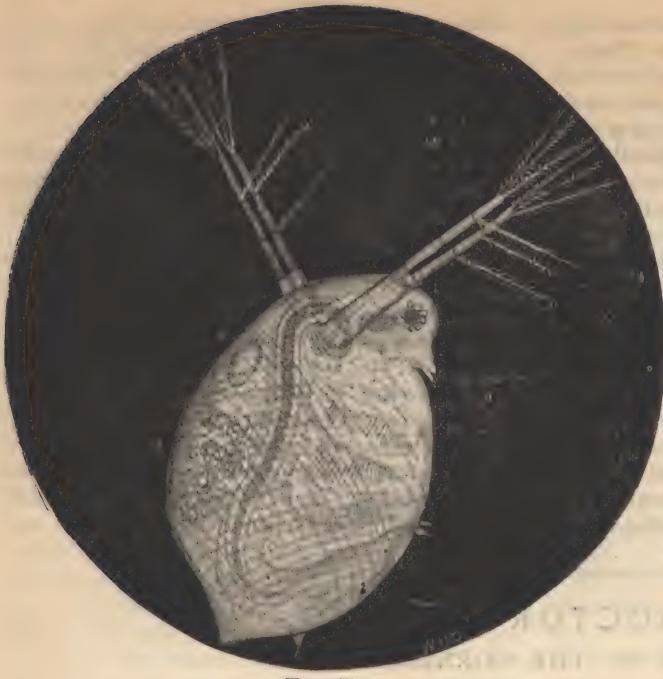


Fig. 45.

injury for examination on the stage of the microscope.

Now, with your *daphnia pulex* in the tube, and F turned aside, hold the point of the tube containing the *daphnia* over the centre of the disc D, and very delicately, and only in part, remove the finger from the other end of the tube, so that a very small pool of water with the "water-flea" are transferred on to the disc. See that F is screwed up high enough for the cover-glass in it to pass back over the drop of water without touching it, and when it is in its proper position, carefully screw it down. The little pool of water should not be large enough to extend, even under pressure, beyond the margin of the disc, and before that, the *daphnia* will have been caught on its side and gently imprisoned.

Now let it be placed on the stage of the microscope, employing the same illumination, and using a 1 inch object-glass. The image presented, when the light has been readjusted, and the focus made what it should be, is shown in Fig. 45.

This "water-flea" is a true crustacean. It is enclosed in a firm carapace which protects it, and forms the indispensable framework for its muscles. Its plumed antennæ are plainly seen on either side of its head, its eye is very discernible, its five pair of feet are just indicated through the transparent carapace, with their branchial combs or plates. The stomach is the long turgid tube running through the body; and the eggs (this being a female) are shown at E.

in a chamber closed off from the remainder of the body as a chamber for incubation. But above this, at H, is the heart. This can, as we now examine it, be seen to be in rapid, rhythmical and continuous pulsation; but it may be seen with much better result if we remove the 1 inch, and employ the $\frac{1}{2}$ inch objective, adjusting it with great care, and using the fine adjustment freely, and ultimately we shall get the image presented in Fig. 46. It is manifestly a muscular sac lying beneath the carapace, and giving origin to trunks which convey the purified blood—distinguishable by the crowds of corpuscles it contains—to all parts of the body. The pulsation is regular and rhythmic, and just below the centre of the heart is a slit-like opening, which opens and closes with each pulsation, and admits blood from the surrounding chamber (called the pericardial sinus) into the interior of the

heart; and its entrance can at each beat be observed by the stream of corpuscles which give

visible direction to the current. In this way we can follow it over at least part of its journey through the body; and it has been calculated that at least 300,000 pulsations of this minute heart occur each day to maintain this tiny life. We must be inevitably impressed with an actual study of these

details, and they are quite within the reach of the patient beginner, with the simple microscope I have indicated.

Scarcely less interesting is the eye of this minute creature. A side view of it is given in Fig. 47. It is, so far as at present discovered, a single organ nearly spherical, and composed of about twenty crystalline lenses, arranged round a central ball of black pigment. It has muscular bands which pass round it as a rope passes round a pulley, and the contraction of these ex-

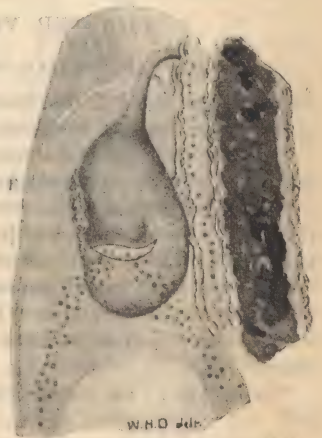


Fig. 46.

plains the constant alteration of direction in the sparkling lenses as we observe them. There is a sort of retina and an optic nerve, and the whole



FIG. 47.

is wanted is patient practice, quiet purpose, and a determination to slowly extend similar modest

suggests to the student a score of possibilities for research.

In this selection of objects we have taken only what is common and accessible, and we have shown that in spite of this they afford the fullest interest. All that

endeavours in new directions, and my young reader will find himself possessed of a new source of interest and enlightenment which will enrich his life, and even endow it with a new meaning.

There are many matters which the reader will inevitably seek further enlightenment concerning if he pursues his way as a microscopist. This can only be afforded by special treatises; we think two will satisfy, or give direction for satisfying all that can be asked. They are:—

I. "Section Cutting: a Practical Guide to the Preparation and Mounting of Sections for the Microscope," by Dr. Sylvester Marsh. II. "The Microscope and its Revelations," by the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter (seventh edition), in which the first seven chapters have been wholly re-written, and the text throughout reconstructed, revised and enlarged by W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S. Both published by Churchill.

DOCTOR DICK:

A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail," "Her Benny," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"HOW NEAR WE LIVE TO HEAVEN."

BEFORE him stood Irene Revill, smiling, vivacious, and sweet as a June rose.

"I came out with the intention of calling on you," she said, blushing slightly.

"Me?" he ejaculated, a mist suddenly gathering before his eyes, and a lump rising in his throat, which almost prevented his utterance.

"I would have called sooner," she went on, "but this is the first time I have attempted to walk so far. You must have thought me very ungrateful."

"Indeed, no!" he stammered. "Why should I?"

"Because I have never even thanked you for saving my life," she replied quickly. "Miss Penwithiel would have had me write, but I felt I would rather thank you to your face. Written words are so cold and formal, and so I am very thankful I have met you this afternoon."

"Not so thankful as I am," he said bluntly.

"No?" she questioned, looking up at him with a wondering light in her eyes.

"I was making for the Miners' Arms," he said, a painful blush overspreading his face. "I will turn back now."

"But I don't understand why you are thankful if you want to go there," she said.

"But I don't want to go there," he answered hurriedly. "Do you know, I have had no drink since the first day I saw you."

"And are you glad on that account?"

"Yes."

"And yet you were going this afternoon."

"Yes! like a sheep to the slaughter, with no power to resist."

"I do not quite understand," she said.

"Nobody can understand," he replied. "I do not understand myself. I was simply drawn; and your presence broke the spell."

"Then I am more thankful than ever that I met you," she answered, with downcast eyes.

"I don't know that it will matter much," he said desperately. "Very likely the spell will be on me again to-morrow or the day after."

"But surely you could break it if you tried hard."

"Tried hard?" and he laughed bitterly. "Could a mouse conquer a lion, however hard it tried?"

"But you are not a mouse. You are a man," she said, with sparkling eyes. "And if I were a man, I would never say fail."

For a moment he looked at her in silent admiration. She was so little and dainty and sweet. He towered above her like a giant.

"Ah, strength is not to be measured by bulk," he answered. "I'm just a huge clod, nothing better." He was surprised at himself speaking

in this way, but he could not help it. He felt that it would be a relief to open all his heart to her, even though she despised him for doing it.

"He who thinks himself a clod will be one," she said soberly. "We do not often rise above the level of our own thought."

For a moment he dropped his eyes, while a painful blush swept over his face.

"You are right," he said at length, looking up. "I deserve the rebuke. It is foolish to despise oneself."

"I meant no rebuke," she said, smiling, "but I know your story——"

"Surely not," he interposed.

"Why," she answered, "it is common property. Every one in St. Ural knows your upbringing, and it must be some comfort to you to know that you have so much sympathy."

"So much sympathy," he answered. "I did not know I had any. I can hardly think so now. Who cares for Dick Trevanion in St. Ural? who would grieve five minutes, or shed a solitary tear if he were buried to-morrow? No, Miss Revill, you are mistaken—nobody cares for me. I'm an outcast without a relative or friend. If I had had some one to live for or care for—a mother or a sister—I might have been different, but now it does not matter. I've only myself, and really I am not of the selfish sort. I am glad I saved you the other day; but if I had got drowned myself, it would have been the best fate that could have overtaken me."

"No, no," she said; "you should not talk in that way. There are many people, I am sure, who do care for you, and who would rejoice to see you prosper."

"Many people," he answered defiantly. "Who are they? Name one. Would you care?"

"I am only a stranger," she said, "and almost friendless myself, so whether I cared or no could make no possible difference."

"Just so," he answered bitterly; "a very good answer. It is what all the others would say, with some slight variation."

"Now, you are unjust," she said. "If you won't take what is offered, don't wound the hand that is stretched out."

"Pardon me. I had no intention of blaming any one. I have received quite as much as I deserve, and more. And I thank you for condescending to speak to me, I do honestly. The service I rendered you is, I fear, the only good thing I ever did in my life. Not that I am deserving of any praise or thanks for it. I could not have done otherwise. It was a lucky chance that I happened to be there, and I shall always be glad that over against my misspent life that one service can be written. There! don't thank me again, please. I really don't deserve it."

"I see you are determined to depreciate your-

self," she said slowly, "but that will not lessen my gratitude in any way, and some day perhaps——" then she paused suddenly, and bit her lip.

He waited for her to complete the sentence, but she evidently had no intention of doing so. A moment later she held out her hand and said quietly, "Good-afternoon, Mr. Trevanion; I must return now."

For two or three seconds he held the little hand in his hard palm.

"Good-afternoon," he said huskily, "and my everlasting gratitude."

Then he watched her walk slowly away. She turned again when she had gone a few steps.

"Please do not go to the Miners' Arms to-day," she said.

"I will never go again, if you ask me," he said impulsively.

"Oh, I should be so thankful if you would not," she said, then turned and hurried quickly away.

He watched her till she was out of sight, then retraced his steps, and sought the grassy hollow in the downs, and lay down with his face to the earth. His heart was in a strange tumult, his brain in a whirl. For the first time during many a long year the question of Providence stared him in the face. Were these so-called accidents of life merely accidents, or were they parts of a great design? Had he started for the Miners' Arms ten minutes earlier, he would have missed Irene Revill, and his redemption would have been beyond hope. She had saved him. Had she been sent of God? he wondered. Was there a Providence over him still?

He sat up after awhile, and leaned against the bank and faced the sunshine. In the furze that fringed the hollow, the wind hummed in dreamy monotone, and soothed him like a lullaby. The tempest that had so terribly shaken him during the afternoon was slowly passing away. The dark and storm-swept sky was growing clear once more. Hope began again to sing its song in his heart, and glimpses of life's possibilities began to dawn upon him.

"Ah!" he said, with a shudder, "how near we live to hell!"

The next moment he raised his head, for across the breezy common a whisper seemed to run—"How near we live to heaven!"

He rose to his feet then, and looked slowly round him. "I think I'd better go home," he said, "for I am growing superstitious;" and he hurried away in the direction of his lodgings.

For the rest of the evening he sat in the chimney corner, smoking. Sammy, as usual, had gone marketing, and Susan was cross and sullen. Now and then she flung a snarl at him, but he did not heed. He had got back into his little heaven again, and was thankful to be out of the

storm. He felt tired and exhausted, for the evil spirit that had possessed him during the afternoon had torn and bruised him before it came out, but he knew he was no longer under its dominion.

That night he dreamed of Irene Revill—sweet, beautiful, but impossible dreams—and in the morning he smiled plaintively as the memory of them came back. Yet he made no attempt to banish them; on the contrary, he lived them over and over again.

She had entered into his life, a new inspiration and hope. He might never speak to her again, never again look straight into her eyes, or feel her warm soft hand in his, but that could make no difference. She had struck a new chord in his soul, and it would vibrate for evermore. He had no thought of loving her. The idea never crossed his mind. He would as soon have thought of loving the Queen. She seemed rather like a beautiful and kindly star that would beam upon him always, and inspire him with hope and courage in the night. But whoever thought of possessing a star?

During the following week he did his best to secure fresh lodgings, but without success. Nobody wanted him,—nobody, in fact, would have him. A drunkard in St. Ural was, of all creatures, the most abhorred. The fact that he had kept sober for nearly two months was nothing to his advantage. The sooner might he be expected to get drunk again. Moreover, everybody said he had been queer of late. Even Job Minver admitted that, while Sammy Poad declared he was positively lunny. Gracey Grig still insisted that he was bewitched, and Mrs. Beswarriek said ditto. Anyhow, he was not the man to have for a lodger, and the result was no one would have him.

A boarding-house had not been heard of in St. Ural then; and so, when Saturday afternoon

(To be continued.)

came, no course was open to Trevanion but to ask Captain Tom to allow him to sleep a few nights in the engine house, until he could make other arrangements. This request Captain Tom readily acceded to, and further promised to use what influence he had during the following week to secure him a suitable place.

Trevanion was by no means depressed when he walked away from Sammy Poad's cottage, with his small trunk upon his shoulder. The hope that Irene Revill had inspired him with a week before was still in his heart, and victory over himself seemed nearer than it had ever been. He was not at all surprised at the prejudice that existed against him; it was only what he expected. Irene Revill had spoken of sympathy that was felt for him; but clearly, if it existed, it was of a very negative quality.

Perhaps in time—if he could only master himself—he might live down the prejudice, and even win a measure of confidence. Patience and perseverance might accomplish a great deal. When the people of St. Ural saw that they had reasonable grounds for trusting him, they would doubtless give him their confidence; but this could not be accomplished in a day or a month,—he must strive and wait.

By the aid of a few sacks of shavings from the carpenter's shop, and a couple of blankets which Captain Tom lent him, he made a fairly comfortable bed, and then he sauntered forth into the village to buy victuals. He did not sleep much that night, nor during the night that followed; and when Monday morning dawned, he got up unrefreshed and made his way underground.

He little guessed what was coming, for coming events do not always cast their shadows before. Had his comrade hinted to him that he was working his last "core," he would have laughed in his face; and yet such was the truth. His work underground ended that day.

DR. PARKER has never done a better piece of work than *The People's Family Prayer Book*. There is nothing like it. We doubt whether any one else could have performed the difficult task with such power and tact and suggestiveness. There is a litany for little children, a register of births, deaths, and marriages, spaces for the names of children going to school and entering business, and for the autographs of friends who have joined in family worship. It is a wonderful book, and no young man can boast a fully furnished home until he has a copy of *The People's Family Prayer Book* (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.).

WE warmly recommend Dr. Sperry's *Confidential Talks with Young Men* (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier). This

useful little book deals with difficult subjects honestly yet delicately. Professor Simpson says very wisely, in welcoming the new work, that "when the stirrings of nature are stimulating their curiosity, it is of the last importance that the knowledge sought by the young should be presented to them in a form calculated to keep down their prurience and to call out their reverence."

Balancing for Expert Book-keepers, by G. P. Norton (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), expounds a system which seems to us to be simple, practical, and effective.

. ALL books mentioned in THE YOUNG MAN will be sent post free to any address at the published prices by Mr. J. F. Spriggs, 23, Old Bailey, E.C.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

THE questions which arise for consideration month by month in these columns have a curious way of moving in cycles. Sometimes there seems to be an epidemic of temptation abroad, and the letters I receive are so many bitter cries for deliverance from the bondage of fleshly sins. This month my letters touch mainly on questions of literature, morality, religion, and social ethics—a welcome change. Of course I cannot possibly answer, with any definiteness, questions which arise out of the supposed fitness for literary production in my correspondents; for a letter, or even half a dozen letters, afford no true data for judgment. But one or two plain conditions may be stated. In the first place, no youth should dream of giving up any fixed employment for the very uncertain rewards of the pen. The youth who desires to be a writer ought to ask himself such plain questions as these: Have I anything to say that no one else has said? Am I capable of saying what is in my heart in such a form that it deserves publicity? Have I mastered the art of expression, the science of language, so that I can clothe my thoughts in such a form that they will be worth consideration? The one binding rule for the literary aspirant is to write and re-write, to study words in all their uses, and in their exact meanings, to use the simplest and strongest modes of expression, to have a definite idea of what he wants to say, and to say it in the directest form. It will be found that herein lies the secret of all that we call literature. It is for lack of this sedulous self-culture that so many bad books are written and forgotten within a week of their publication. If a writer can fulfil these conditions, he must then be content to write without reward until someone discovers his merit, and to console himself with the certainty that merit never fails of discovery, although it may wait long. There is, after all, a sort of rough-and-tumble justice in literature, which is proved by the fact that it is the rarest of occurrences to discover a great book which has been universally neglected, and yet has deserved to be universally read.

But in this, as in all intellectual pursuits, the dominant factor is industry, persistence, patience. I know at this hour more than one man, of the highest intellectual gifts, who might have made a mark in literature, but who has simply declined into stagnant obscurity for lack of persistence. We all know the sort of man of whom

it is said at twenty that he has brilliant promise; at thirty, that he will do something presently; at forty, that he is a tragic failure. Probably I should be justified if I said that the men of genius who have done nothing outnumber, by ten to one, those who have achieved a reputation. It is no uncommon thing to meet a man who is famous, and to wonder why he is famous. There is little in his appearance, in his conversation, in his personality that impresses us with a sense of genius. We know among our friends, perhaps, two or three men who are more brilliant talkers, and have far more of the personal magnetism of unusual parts. In a word, we are disappointed by what seems to us the commonplaceness of the famous writer. Ah, but there are other qualities of which we take no account when we yield to such a feeling. Our brilliant friends—do they work? Do they know what it is to drudge at a desk far into the midnight, that they may express their best thoughts and imaginations? Are they content to give up pleasure for the hard discipline of the pen? This is what the famous man has done for years, and it is this which has won him his fame. It is the old story of the tortoise and the hare; it is, by steady progress, not by brilliant rushes, that the goal is reached. I have known men with a far more exact knowledge and much greater literary power than half the writers who have secured a hearing, who have simply done nothing because of this defect of patience. What it comes to is, that character stands for more than gifts, and that the most brilliant gift fails if it be not buttressed by character.

There is no more tragic example of all that this means than in the career of Coleridge, whose life, by Mr. J. Dykes Campbell, is one of the best books of the season. Few men have ever been freighted with so vast a treasure of genius as Coleridge. His knowledge was encyclopedic. His fertility of invention was infinite. A mere list of the books he proposed to write would fill a couple of columns of a daily paper. He proposed an epic poem which was to occupy him for twenty years; grammars of Greek and Hebrew; school treatises of 1,200 pages; a *magnum opus* on Christianity as the only true philosophy; scores of books on poetry, literature, and the fine arts, not one of which was ever written. Well might poor Southey exclaim in despair: "As to your essays, etc., etc., you spawn plans like a

herring. I only wish as many of the seed were to vivify in proportion." But with Coleridge nothing vivified. When he had issued the prospectus of a book, he seemed to think he had written it. Nothing but the compulsion of poverty ever made him write, and not even that always; for as long as friends would give or loan him money, he did nothing. Of course, the usual explanation of Coleridge's tragic failure is his indulgence in opium; but no such explanation is needed. His true defect was a defect of will, of which his fatal opium habit was as much fruit as cause. When we consider the prodigal gifts of Coleridge, it seems hardly too much to say that no such "myriad-minded man" has been among us since Shakespeare, but all the treasure was wasted for lack of this commonplace power of persistence. What he did succeed in writing is the pure gold of literature, and by it we may measure how much was lost in him. He should have been our English Goethe, but he had no atom of Goethe's enduring patience. "An archangel a little damaged," said poor Charles Lamb. It is the saddest picture in English literature, a tragedy more tragic even than that of Keats or Shelley.

* * *

But it is not alone in the art of literary production that an infinite patience is needed; it is the prime condition of any success in life. Be sure of it that this world is so ordered that work is the one condition of progress, and nothing comes to a man while he sleeps. Thus, for example, I am appealed to this month again on the subject of emigration. A youth who finds himself a failure here asks whether he would not be wise to emigrate? Certainly, if you can find any country where failures are at a premium. But there is no such land. Probably the stress of life is not less intense in Australia than in England, and it is even more intense in America. Upon the whole, a man can succeed better in England than anywhere. It is true that we are overcrowded, and that chances are rare, but there is always a place for the competent man. "Why should the really able man want to ramble off into eternity?" asks Goethe. Still more pointedly may we ask why does he want to ramble off to America? "Thy America is here or nowhere," was one of Carlyle's pregnant sayings. If a man has ability and patience, by all means let him emigrate if he wishes. It is possible that he may find a larger sphere and a readier reward in the newer lands. But of even this I am doubtful. From what I saw of life in the United States, I concluded that the American business man worked much harder than the English. The pace is greater. The competition is keener and more unprincipled. There is no elementary idea even of the uses of leisure. The very climate

stimulates men into intense activity, for which Nature does not fail to send in the bill by the time middle life is reached. Is such a country any place for the man who begins to find himself a failure here? Let him judge. Rather, I should say, collect your powers, develop the faculty of intense persistence, and you will not fail of reward even in England. Emigration has so generally become the last refuge of the incompetent that it is time some one spoke honestly on the question, and I myself have known so many men who have only fled from bad to worse by crossing the Atlantic, that I am anxious now to debar youths from any such futile adventure.

* * *

Several correspondents ask questions which may be summed up thus: Does Christ endorse the ideas and aims of modern socialism? In so far as socialism means brotherhood, the care for the weak, the communism of effort for high social and civic ends, we must answer, Yes. This subject is admirably treated in a book which is just now attracting great attention among thoughtful men—Mr. Kidd's *Social Evolution*. Beyond question the first organization of the Christian society was entirely communistic; and although in this form it failed, yet the communistic idea has penetrated Christianity throughout all its various adaptations and developments. But it is becoming necessary to distinguish sharply between the rational socialism of Christianity, and the irrational and anarchic demands of the extreme wing of modern socialism. For example, the more advanced socialism of to-day denounces the possession of any sort of property as a sin. When its golden age dawns, all private rights in property will end. I need not say that there is nothing in the teaching of Christ to support such a doctrine as this. Christ tacitly admits the right of possession in all His social teaching: what He denounces is the wrong use of property for purely selfish and personal ends. He does not blame Dives for being wealthy, but for making a selfish use of his wealth. He does not teach an equal division of talents, but a right use of them, whether they be few or many. There is a fine saying of the Wedgwoods, which seems to sum up the Christian spirit in relation to property better than anything else that I can recall. The two brothers made an allowance of £150 per annum to Coleridge out of pure admiration for his genius, and in doing so they wrote: "My brother and myself are possessed of a considerable superfluity of fortune. Squandering and hoarding are equally distant from our inclinations. But we are earnestly desirous to convert this superfluity into a fund of beneficence, and we have now been accustomed for some time to regard ourselves rather as *Trustees*

than Proprietors." Such a sentiment would be denounced by the extremists of modern socialism, yet it is eminently Christian, and indicates the truly Christian doctrine of property.

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A letter from so distant a place as Peking gives fancy a pleasant stimulus, and sets one wondering how far the influence of the written word penetrates. *A. M. R.*, who has probably been the first to take THE YOUNG MAN within the ancient walls of Peking, gives a most interesting account of Chinese life. It certainly does not present an attractive picture. The climate varies from minus something Fahrenheit to 107 degrees in the shade. The streets of Peking are inches deep in dust, for no rain falls during eight months of the year: when it does fall, the roads become impassable quagmires; and the monotony of life is broken with mosquitos and scorpions by night, and hornets by day. This is no Paradise, and naturally it is not easy to keep up a life of intellectual aim so far away from the great centres, and especially under the stress of other work which exhausts the endurance. Still, I would say, in reply to *A. M. R.*, Do not give up the classics or wholly relinquish the idea of completing the examinations for a degree. At the same time it is a question—which you alone can decide—whether it would not be better worth while to give all possible attention to the study of Chinese itself, and of Chinese literature. Read, if you have not read, Mr. R. L. Stevenson's essay on *Across the Plains*, and note how he speaks of the Chinaman. It seems to me that no one has yet given us any accurate idea of Chinese thought and literature, and still less, of Chinese life. The Rudyard Kipling who shall do for China what has been done for India has yet to appear. I think, if the opportunity were mine, I should concentrate all my attention on the literature and life of China for the present, and be content with merely keeping up my European knowledge, until the time came to complete it. To understand China is a much greater achievement than to take a London B.A. degree.

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It always delights me to find my readers cultivating a genuine love of books, especially when their opportunities are limited. Here are a few samples for the encouragement of the rest. "I am only a railway porter," writes *C. G.*, but

Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life, by Stopford A. Brooke (London: Isbister & Co.), is a book which deserves a much fuller notice than we can give this month. We shall refer to it again later on. All we can say at present is: buy it and read it.

he has read *Sartor Resartus*, *Hero-worship*, *Chartism*, *Past and Present*, and thinks Carlyle the good genius of the century. This is a good list, and it may be supplemented with Dr. Garnett's *Life of Carlyle* (1s.6d.), and Carlyle's miscellaneous essays. Never mind what Mr. Grant Allen has to say about Carlyle: no one takes Mr. Allen seriously. Here is another correspondent who has recently been fortunate enough to have a sovereign to spend on books: "the most I ever spent, and when I got outside the shop with my precious parcel I said I never was so rich in my life. I think that you will understand this!" I do. The first books that I bought with my own money were a delight which I can feel to this hour; and which no purchase of books in these easier days is ever likely to afford me. The list is a very good one, too, although it has the fault of being nearly all fiction. I notice that Jane Austen is in it: that is a good sign, for *Sense and Sensibility* is a classic, which few persons read now-a-day. But I do not see Thackeray, nor Charles Reade, nor Carlyle, nor any biography or history, and I think if I had been choosing I would have taken Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*, and Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, in preference to one or two of the very modern writers who are included. However, this may come next time. I quote these examples because they ought to stimulate others to collect for themselves their own books. The last quoted correspondent got thirteen books for his sovereign.

* * *

SHORT REPLIES.—*J. J. B.* (Manchester) will find Washington Gladdon's book, *Who Wrote the Bible?* (Clarke, 3s. 6d.), very useful.—*R. V.* (Melbourne) should write to Mr. Gill, 207, Albany Street, London, N.W., for photographs such as he requires. Thanks for your long and friendly letter.—*R. C. H.* should certainly fulfil his engagement. Such a consideration as he states should have been thought of before: it is too late now. Besides, it is not an objection worth consideration, and in any case this is a question of honour.—*Acqua* (Smyrna). Thanks for your support. There is an excellent book recently published, *Confidential Talks with Young Men* by Dr. Sperry (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier), which may be safely recommended to young men, and which will at least save them from sinning through ignorance.

WE have received the last report of the British Workman's and General Assurance Company, Limited, and we rejoice to see that the success of this great enterprise is fully maintained. We congratulate Mr. Henry Port, the founder and managing director, upon having built up a sound, useful, and prosperous institution.

OUR AMERICAN MAIL.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

TIME was in the United States when no clergyman dared to wear a moustache, lest he invoke the wrath of his flock. Nowadays there are youthful pastors who become doubly dear to female parishioners, if the once wicked hirsute appendage be added to their other gifts. This and much other bigoted nonsense has been outlived, but alas! not all. It has been left to Mr. Robert Dorn, of Yonkers, New York, to discover the inherent sin of the bicycle. This Christian gentleman has demanded the instant resignation of the Rev. George H. Miller, pastor of the Holland Reformed Church, because "he bought a bicycle, and then rolled around his district trying to make an impression upon every one he met." The truly good Dorn of Yonkers, N.Y., is no doubt unaware of the extent to which this sin is prevalent among pastors in his country. At this moment I have a list before me of more than one hundred and fifty

CLERGYMEN WHO CYCLE.

Some two years ago I thought of writing an article upon this subject, and I communicated with quite a number of these gentlemen. Some of the replies I give below.

The Rev. R. S. Dawson, pastor of the Ainslie Street Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, wrote to me as follows:—

"I have ridden bicycles of various styles for more than six years. I have used them on the turnpike roads of Kentucky, the rough streets of New York City, the smooth roads of Scotland and England, the crowded asphalt streets of London, and the wooden pavements of Paris. Some of the happiest days of my life have been spent on the wheel, visiting old and familiar haunts at home, and exploring new scenes in other lands. There is a fascination about this form of locomotion that is unique. Headers cannot wither, nor tumbles stale the infinite variety of the joys it offers. It is better than horseback riding, for it is more independent. For me bicycling has improved temper, voice, digestion, legs, lungs, and liver, and has crowded the walls of memory with pictures of purest content and rarest joy. I believe bicycling affords to ministers the cheapest, pleasantest, most concentrated, and most convenient form of exercise obtainable. In it will be found the largest return of health, strength, vigour, and delight for the expenditure of a given amount of time, money, and effort. In the olden days the men who slew heretics thought they were doing God service. In these days the man who can induce ministers to ride bicycles will really be doing God service, for he will thus cause the death of much indigestion, nervousness, headache, irritability, and stupidity, which evils have done more harm to the cause of God than all the heretics who ever lived."

THEY BOUGHT HIM A BICYCLE.

The Rev. John B. Gough Pidge, a Baptist clergyman, of Philadelphia, whose congregation

presented him with a machine as a Christmas present, writes:—

"I was led to cycling chiefly for the sake of my health. I felt the need of more vigorous exercise. Walking may be vigorous enough, but in a large city it is dull. Cycling takes me out of the city among green fields, and into a purer atmosphere. From the moment I began to ride, my general health improved—appetite was better, sleep sounder. Whenever I ride regularly, I perceive the benefits of it, in both body and mind. Whenever, through press of duties, I neglect the wheel, I perceive a decided loss of buoyancy of spirit and bodily elasticity and energy. The wheel has added to my enjoyment greatly. Many a happy hour have I spent on my bicycle in the beautiful suburbs of Philadelphia. The wheel has enabled me to come into that close communion with nature which is denied to most clergymen who live in large cities. The value of such contact with nature every professional man can appreciate."

NEVER KNOWS A "BLUE-MONDAY."

"The bicycle is a great means of grace," writes the Rev. F. W. Rider, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Lawrence, Mass. "I get up sometimes, of a Monday morning, nervous, headachy, and hardly willing to see my best friends. A ten-mile spin on my wheel brings me home in a state of perspiration and bliss, and after a vigorous rub down in the bath-room, I am quite prepared to love my enemies, and pray for them that despitefully use me."

DOESN'T CONSIDER IT UNDIGNIFIED.

The Rev. Judson Titsworth, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes:—

"The bicycle ranks with the sewing machine, the telephone, and the typewriter among the great recent blessings of humanity. I owe a rugged health in general, and many Waterloos for headache and lassitude in particular, to my cycle. Nothing equals it, in my opinion, as a tonic and health preserver. Last summer I took it to Scotland, and enjoyed the indescribable pleasure of wheeling it over the beautiful roads in which our British brethren so excel us of America. I recommend the cycle to all my clerical friends, as in no degree less dignified than any other mode of conveyance. Happily, the one objection clergymen have felt strongly—viz., that it is unbecoming to persons of so exalted a position—is being seen in its right light of foolishness, and when the profession are brave enough to do a manly and wholesome thing and ignore shallow criticism, I predict a great increase in the use of the cycle by clergymen."

The interesting invalid in holy orders has had his day. The call is now for men of vigour and brawn in the pulpit. The Church needs sound minds, but it needs them in sound bodies. And the pastor who rides a bicycle six days in the week will preach all the better on the seventh.

TONY CRANE.

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The Editor cannot hold himself responsible under any circumstances for the return of manuscripts.